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Life

192

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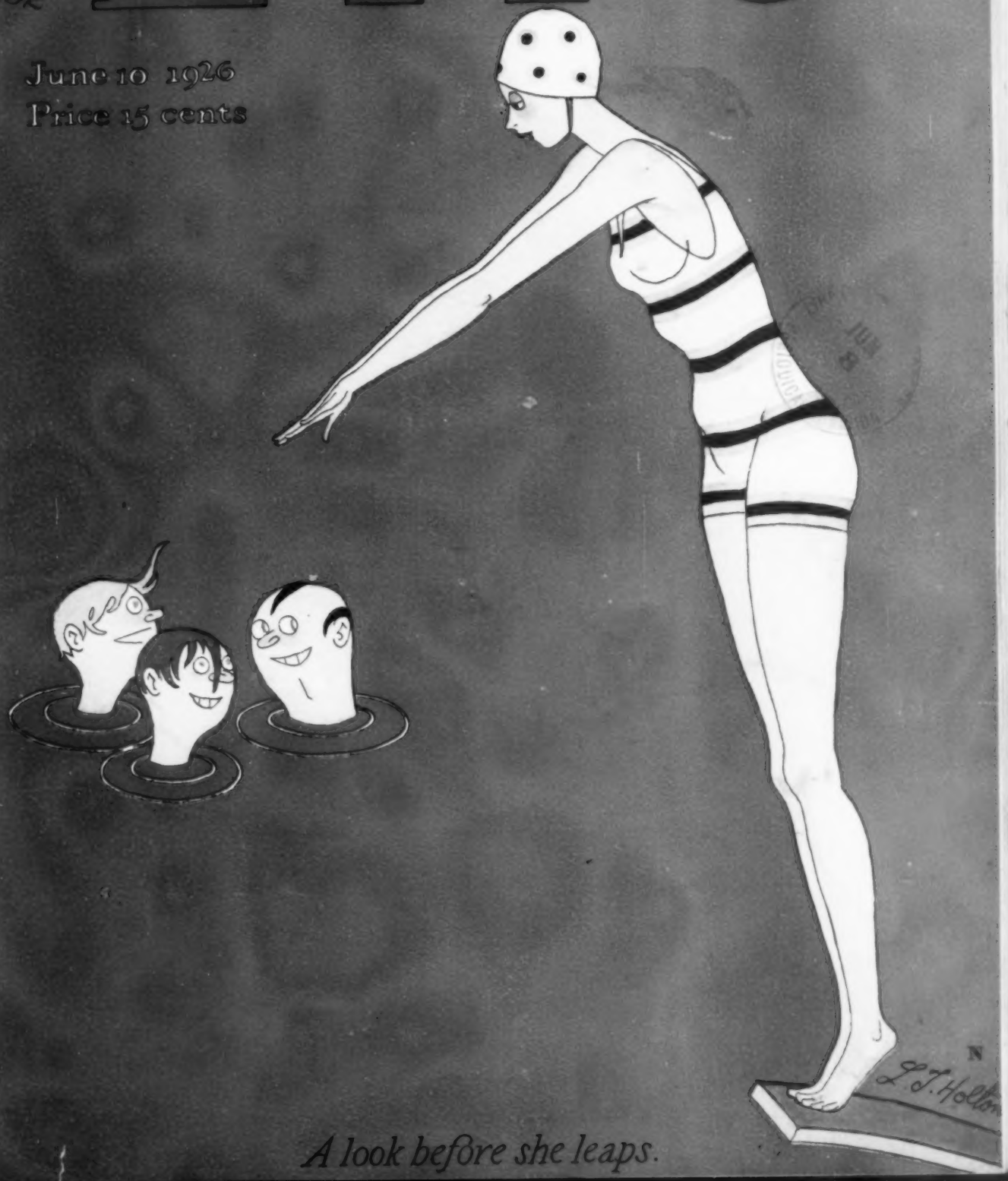


A look before she leaps.

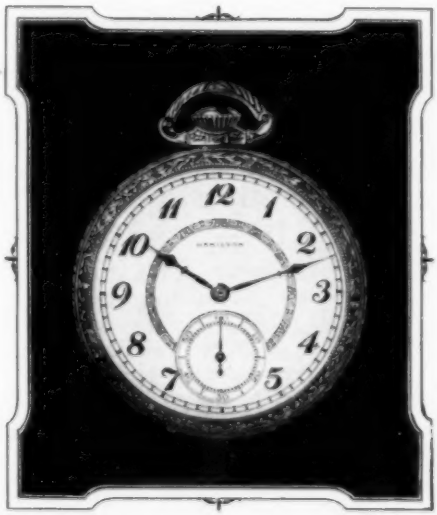
Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

In a Watch there can be no substitute for ACCURACY

William R. Hobson, conductor of the "Century" for the past eight years, carries a Hamilton today and has carried it for the past nineteen years.



THE "BUCHANAN"
A beautiful new Hamilton at $50

Chased case of green or white filled Gold, 17 Jewel Adjusted Movement

Always on time

Men who know a thing or two about watches insist on having railroad accuracy

THE Hamilton enjoys unique prestige among railroad men. It is known from coast to coast, from border to border, as "The watch of railroad accuracy." Let your next watch be a Hamilton, the watch that railroad men have made famous.

A Hamilton to suit your individual preference may be selected from a number of beautiful models. Some are simple, graceful and chaste. Some are beautifully engraved and ornamented. All have an intrinsic beauty that will keep them fashionable after years of service.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Hamilton today. He can show you Hamilton pocket and strap watches for men, and charming wrist watches for women. Pocket Models from $48 to $685. Strap Models $50 to $88. Women's Wrist Models $48 to $60. We have prepared a very useful little booklet, "The Care of Your Watch." We will send it on request. Write also for a copy of our new illustrated booklet, "The Timekeeper." Hamilton Watch Company, 875 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa., U.S.A.

Hamilton Watch
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

~ and Still It Isn't Full!

No matter how full you pack the Revelation, it closes with surprising simplicity and ease.

Just put in everything — don't worry — the locks extend, the hinges extend. Close the lid, press it down—click! click! click!—all firm and snug.

With its locks and hinges fully extended, the Revelation will hold all you need for a month. Pressed down a few notches it is just right for a week. At its smallest it's the ideal week-end size. Locks securely in any one of its fourteen sizes. Always right for every journey, it does the work of two or three old-fashioned suitcases of fixed capacity.

It's the strongest suitcase ever made in America—it's made *better* here than in England. Fully guaranteed in every respect.

As for smartness — the Prince of Wales is one of the many distinguished users.

Packed for a MONTH

Packed for a WEEK

Packed for a WEEK-END

The Revelation SUITCASE ADJUSTS to 14 SIZES

At better class department stores and luggage shops throughout the United States and Canada

Priced from $12.50 up

Write us for catalog or call and see demonstration.

THE REVELATION SUITCASE CO., Inc.

561 Fifth Avenue, New York
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LONDON PARIS BERLIN MONTREAL

TEAR HERE
Write name below in margin of page

CATALOG PLEASE!

To The Revelation Suitcase Co., Inc
561 Fifth Avenue, New York

Confessions

IF you have a Secret you yearn to confess
Of a fugitive kiss or a stolen caress,
Write realistically just what occurred
And some one will print it at two cents a word.

Soul-stirring stories of gadabout wives,
Foolish young girlies who ruined their lives,
"I had to leave town 'cause the boss held my hand"—
You'll find them all down at the corner news-stand.

Confessions of this,
Confessions of that,
"I lost my dear husband because I grew fat."
Confessions of love,
Confessions of sin,
"I wasted my youth on petting and gin."
Confessions of young,
Confessions of old,
Tales of affections that quickly grew cold.

"My hubby don't love me. My life is a wreck.
He left me because I've a mole on my neck."
"When he saw that I'd had all my pretty hair bobbed,
He went out of my life. My God! How I sobbed!"

Stories of triumph,
Stories of shame,
"I'm still a good girl though I've got a bad name."
The rich and the poor,
The cursed and the blessed,
Have confessed and confessed and confessed and confessed.

So if you've a Secret you burn to express
Or a lurid adventure you long to confess,
Write a tearful description of how you have erred
And some one will buy it at two cents a word.

Paul Ernst.

Fun Was Had by All

"AND did you children have a good time at the beach on Saturday?" he inquired.

"Oh, Uncle Harold, I should say we did! Jimmy got sick from riding on the roller-coaster; Mary was lost for the whole afternoon; George ate so much popcorn and drank so many different things he had to be taken to the First-Aid Station; Howard was nearly drowned when he fell off the pier; Paul lost his hat and coat and his new watch, and Grace sprained her ankle. We're going again next Saturday, too. Don't you want to come along?"

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A Summer Place...with things-to-do

AT St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, in Canada, is an extraordinarily good hotel. Height of season finds it a smart international colony. People come for the golf, on one of the sportiest courses east of Baltusrol—and the practice nine. They come for the yachting, on Passamaquoddy Bay; for the tennis, the riding, the sea-bathing—and the bowls. Some come for the bridge—and to be with one another in this pleasant place...Just across from Maine, and just sufficiently off the beaten trail. And yet, at the Algonquin, are all the comforts of a most modern hotel. A casino. Two orchestras—one a symphony, the other for dancing. Two main dining rooms and one for children. Delightful guest rooms. English servants—and therefore irreproachable service. Telegraphic stock reports. Plan to come up for awhile this summer. The roads are good, the yacht harbor spacious, and the train service admirable. Information at any Canadian Pacific office. In New York, 344 Madison Avenue, at 44th Street. In Boston, 405 Boylston Street.

At ST. ANDREWS-by-the-SEA

The ALGONQUIN····A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL, *in New Brunswick, Canada.*

284 *The Book of Hosiery*

A MAN'S lucky number, with no gamble in it, is this remarkable number 284, one of the most satisfying "he-man's socks" that even Phoenix has ever built.

It has style to marvel at, and a color choice that is one of the season's talked about things. It is long-mileage hosiery, made of tenacious strands of pure Japanese silk, with an extra mileage foot, including the clever *tipt-toe* and *tipt-heel*, supplying important reinforcements where most needed.

Ask your Phoenix retailer for number 284, which sells everywhere for 75 cents a pair, and eliminate all hosiery gamble.

PHOENIX

PHOENIX
SILK SOCKS
MILWAUKEE

JUN-8'26

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Life

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

"AND THEN THE MAMA BEAR SAID: 'WHO'S BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE?'"

Return of an Arctic Explorer

EXPLORER: Sure is good to be back. Ran into a blizzard that was as tough as any I ever met. How's everything?

WIFE: Same as usual. Did you wear your rubbers every time you went out?

EXPLORER: Yeh, sure! It's pretty dreary up there near the Pole. Nothing but ice, ice—and snow.

WIFE: I hope you didn't forget the chamois chest-protector I gave you.

EXPLORER: I wore it, all right. You know, we caught a bear cub and made a sort of pet out of it—

WIFE: Did you take that cough syrup regularly?

EXPLORER: Of course. He was a cute little jigger, but one day his mother came looking for him—

WIFE: Were the woolen socks I knitted comfortable?

EXPLORER: Great! And the mother took her cub and made off with it, stalking away over the ice in great dignity.

WIFE: I'll bet you were glad I made you take those earmuffs along.

EXPLORER: To tell the truth, dear, they sort of blew away during the blizzard.

WIFE: The idea of wandering about the Arctic without earmuffs! It's just like a man. You might have caught your death of cold. You sit right still and I'll make you a hot drink. The idea! *James Kevin McGuinness.*

An Unguarded Queen

HE (*angrily*): Do you always believe everything every darn fool tells you?

SHE (*sweetly*): No, darling. But sometimes you *do* sound *so* plausible.

THE difference between an unwritten and a written law seems to be that the former is often enforced.

Woodpecker: IS THERE ANY SPECIAL DESIGN YOU'D LIKE ON YOUR BACK?

Jack Hippo: YES—A SEVEN-MASTED SCHOONER UNDER FULL SAIL.

The Modern Girl

She Thinks of Rembrandt

"ART is really *wonderful*, isn't it? I mean I really think it's *divine*, don't you? When you think of *Rembrandt*, I mean, and all those *marvelous* sculptures....Don't you simply *worship* 'The Thinker'? I do—I'm simply *mad* about it—it just sort of *thrills* me....I know the most *original* artist. Honestly, he's the most *divine* person—so sort of unconventional and everything. He has the most *unusual* expressions....He told me I looked so 'sculptured' —I mean he says those kind of unusual things all the time, so sort of naturally....*Really*, he's the most *unique* person....I think it would be perfectly *heavenly* to sculpt and paint and everything all the time and have exhibits and meet all those sort of unconventional *people*—I mean I honestly *do!* Don't you honestly think that some girls have a sort of higher *mission* than just getting *married?* I mean I *really* think that sort of *artistic* girls *do*, don't you? I mean I think they ought to be allowed more *freedom* and sort of *encouraged* to do sculptures and things like that all the time, instead of just sort of *sitting!*"

Lloyd Mayer.

Sonnet

In the Humanistick (or rather Italianate) Manner upon One Who, haveing but latelie return'd from Foreigne Partes, and Who, being sadlie Deceiv'd and Misledde by the Colour and Appearaunce of an Heathenisshe Drynke hight Neare-Beere, didde partayke of thys same Neare-Beere, and is now fall'n into a Grievous Melancholie and Black Despayre.

CLEARE, amber liquidde, can it be that thou,
So Festive in Appearaunce, lack'st the Pow'r
To calm Sore Mindes, and smoothe the Wrinkl'd Brow,
And starte Bryghte Fauncies in the Darkest Hour?
Nay, thou art no Impostor, Heav'nly Show'r!
Believe I cannot that thy Pure Delyte
Hath been uprooted, lyke a Murther'd Flow'r,
To sate the Beaste Reforme's dull Appetite.
O Princelie Drynke! O Muenchner, Guinness, Bass!
See! Now I raise the Foam-crown'd Stein of Cheere!
We'll doff the Worlde asyde, and bidde it Passe!
Hail, Glorious Potation! Hail, O Beere!
A Gulpe; 'tis Gone. Away with Care and Dole!
—Ah, Treacherous Beverage! Thou hast no Soul!

Sidney H. Browne, Jr.

The Real Problem

HARRIETT: When we have anything unpleasant to say to cook, my little five-year-old girl goes down and does it for me.

AGATHA: What efficiency expert do you hire when you want to say anything unpleasant to your little girl?

THAT INDEFINABLE SOMETHING

"I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY TERRIBLE THE WAY YOU LEAD MEN ON!"

"LEAD MEN ON? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO HOLD THEM BACK!"

The Henna Decade

What May Happen to Our Age When Thomas Beer Catches Up to It

THEY put William Anderson in jail and Suzanne Lenglen tottered into the club-house with a heart-attack.

There was a pistol shot in 1922 and across silver screens from Hollywood to Lynn, Massachusetts, a resentful wraith burred attachable curls snuggling on movie lapels. "William D. Taylor has been killed," a young detective announced to his lavender mother at their California supper. And his mother smiled, for she was to hear Marion Talley before nervous wreckers dragged to earth the old Metropolitan, like avid vultures of architectural progress.

On the same border of the Pacific a blue-eyed foreman said "Not guilty," and Roscoe Arbuckle walked out into obese freedom, cleansed with hyssop by two words from a drowsy jurist on a stool by his predecessor's desk.

II

A LITTLE boy, stooping on Central Park West, pressed cracked knuckles into creole mud, and snapped roseate marbles in what passed for straight lines, while across the country in Dayton men slid against turbid waters and the National Cash Register served corporate coffee to clammy survivors. The little boy's knuckle-pressing ceased, like young leaves which refuse to burn. His father raised brown glove to lift soft fedora. "Put away your marbles," he said to the little boy. "Warren Harding has been nominated."

III

THROUGH easy October the short French statesman in silk gloves forgot the late war in onion soup for breakfast. A very large peanut crackled in the Southern fist of Irvin Cobb and his bearded companion hailed a brown-and-white taxi. Together they swept the folio-studded Brentano's, discussing Twenty-third Street. The clerk smiled. His father had been mayor of Seattle. Would Twenty-third Street ever reach to Seattle? But Cobb had lost the large peanut and his bearded companion had lost his garter, and they left Brentano's to stand in dual proximity watching the slightly paralytic progress of a Number 8 Fifth Avenue bus. In the distance, the verdant blob of Thorley's hung like a mossy acorn—green sin on a purple republic.

IV

MILT GROSS stood talking with Ring Lardner and another on the steps of the American Indian Museum. He had under his arm a bulbous bundle and this dropped incontinently to the granite pedestal as he shrugged his shoulders. "A peckage skelps," he said. "Heendian skelps, witt blad." Lardner raised a thermal eyebrow. "What of it?" he asked, and in Chicago two young Jewish psychopathics drew up to the curb in a Dodge looking for some one to give a ride to. That night the Alabama delegation in the steaming reaches of Madison Square Garden threw twenty-five dogged votes for Oscar Underwood.

V

STANDING, occasionally sitting, Lutitia lay in the window seat of the Colony Club....A blonde reticence sat beside her. In the right hand of the blonde reticence swirled a cup of tea. In her left, a copy of November's *American Mercury*. From its greenish covers H. L. Mencken spoke impatiently of the native *Americanus*, while George Nathan dug sadistic pins into American colleagues. Herbert Parrish disparaged the American God and words of bile were Leland H. Jenks's dole for the American Constitution and its interpreters. Fiction jetted from between these cynical rocks with gloomy disclosures of American small-town unpleasantries. Yes, Lutitia, or rather....

So while Irving Berlin, a wispy figure fingering the black notes on a piano in West 46th Street, sang "Not for just a year, but always," the tug-boat, crazily bearing Mayor Hylan's Welcoming Committee, pugged to greet, with beaver boisterousness, the New Year, a rough beard swinging low over rhinestone studs. *Robert Benchley.*

MATRON: When I was young, women used to carry their money tucked into the tops of their stockings.

FLAPPER: What? Right in plain sight? How careless!

Publisher of Sex Magazine: YOU'RE EXCEEDING YOUR BUDGET ON OVERHEAD, BILL. YOU'VE GOT TO CUT DOWN.

Editor: IT ISN'T SO MUCH THE OVERHEAD, CHIEF—IT'S THE INCREASING COST OF RAW MATERIAL.

Youth: I'D LIKE YOUR PERMISSION TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER, SIR.
Father (sternly): WHAT HAVE YOU IN YOUR FAVOR?
Youth: YOUR DAUGHTER, SIR.

Look Out Below

"IT'S a lucky thing," said Slumber Jack Weasel, special officer of Consensus, N. J., "that this Louis Listen didn't get the job of h'istin' them new roof girders onto the town hall. He's a confirmed cavesdropper."

Adamant

FIRST JOBLESS MOVIE DIRECTOR: Just found out why our studio burned down.

SECOND J. M. D.: How come?

"The studio gateman refused to let the fire department in without a pass."

"WHO WAS THE LADY I SAW YOU LEAVING THE MOVIE WITH LAST NIGHT, FREDDIE?"
"THAT WAS NO LADY. THAT WAS AN USHERETTE USHERING ME OUT."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

May 17th Off early to take for development the film of my small camera, which is my latest enthusiasm, and, finding on the way down in the lift that I had not used the last number of it, I did command the doorman to pose for me, to his great embarrassment, but no doubt he will rejoice when he has a fine likeness of himself to show his wife and children. Then to Steve's stand to have my boots polished, and whilst there I did bethink me of the time when the Bannings had visiting them some English people who put their boots outside the door each night, and how Bob and Edith, knowing full well that the servants would walk out if asked to attend to them, did collect them themselves in the night watches and shine them into a presentable appearance....To dine this night with the Coles, and in the talk afterwards it did develop that nobody could remember who commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill and said, Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes! not even my Samuel, who is unusually ready in such matters, and so, there being no American history about, we did telephone several of our acquaintance for the information, but with no results save references to the quality of the liquor which the Coles were serving, albeit Chad Wayburn did suggest, He wasn't the one who left his plough in the furrow when he heard the bugle, was he? Nor could I find out from a great Book of Facts over which I pored, albeit it discussed such matters as serfdom in Russia, the weight of eggs and a woman's chances to marry. And I could not but think how unfortunate we were in not having amongst the company one of those young men in the advertisements who hold dinner tables spellbound with the lore they have acquired from this or that set of informing books, for how he would have put to shame many whose parents had spent several thousand dollars on their education!

May 18th Awakened early by great guffaws from Sam, who had telephoned the American Historical Society for the Bunker Hill information and been referred to

(*Continued on page 32*)

City Visitor: ARE YOUR CROPS BOTHERED MUCH BY PESTS?
Farmer: NO, THIS PLACE AIN'T NEAR A PAVED ROAD.

Signs

SUMMER is icumen in.
The glad vacationists are out—
The countryside wakes to the din
Of careless laughter and of shout;
About each sylvan glade are cast
Old papers, bottles, rusty tin—
And so there is no doubt at last
That summer is icumen in.

Summer is icumen in.
The woods are green, and bright the fields;
The kine no longer wander thin,
But fatly crop the pastures' yields;
Along the roadsides ancient tires
Festoon the hedges as you spin,
And campers fail to put out fires...
Yes! Summer is icumen in.

James Kevin McGuinness.

Hungry

DOCTOR: Feed a cold and starve a fever.

COLORED BOY: Doc, heah's wheah Ah gets me a cold!

"IN one hundred years the world will have a billion more people than it can feed," some one predicts. Well, it won't have them long.

The Cynic Looks at Literature

LITERATURE to-day is anything that can be sent through the mails.

Novelist—Any man who puts his sex desires in writing.

Dramatist—A man who gets an idea and writes it into a play so that he may gather more money for it from the movies.

Poet—A man who has not yet discovered that there is good money to be made writing ads.

Title-writer—A man employed by motion picture companies to prove that it is quite possible to make a living without an education.

Novels to-day are usually of one of the three following classes:

A Study in Social Values; that is, a novel about people who get married without being in love.

Decadent; that is, a novel about people who make love without getting married.

Epic; that is, a novel about people who make love and get married, but who are first compelled to go through several snowstorms and crop failures before they achieve that blissful end.

Critical Essay—An excuse for letting the reader know one's particular taste in cigarettes, toothpaste and feminine loveliness.

Style—Something which was formerly necessary to all authors but which is to-day the exclusive prerogative of copy-writers.

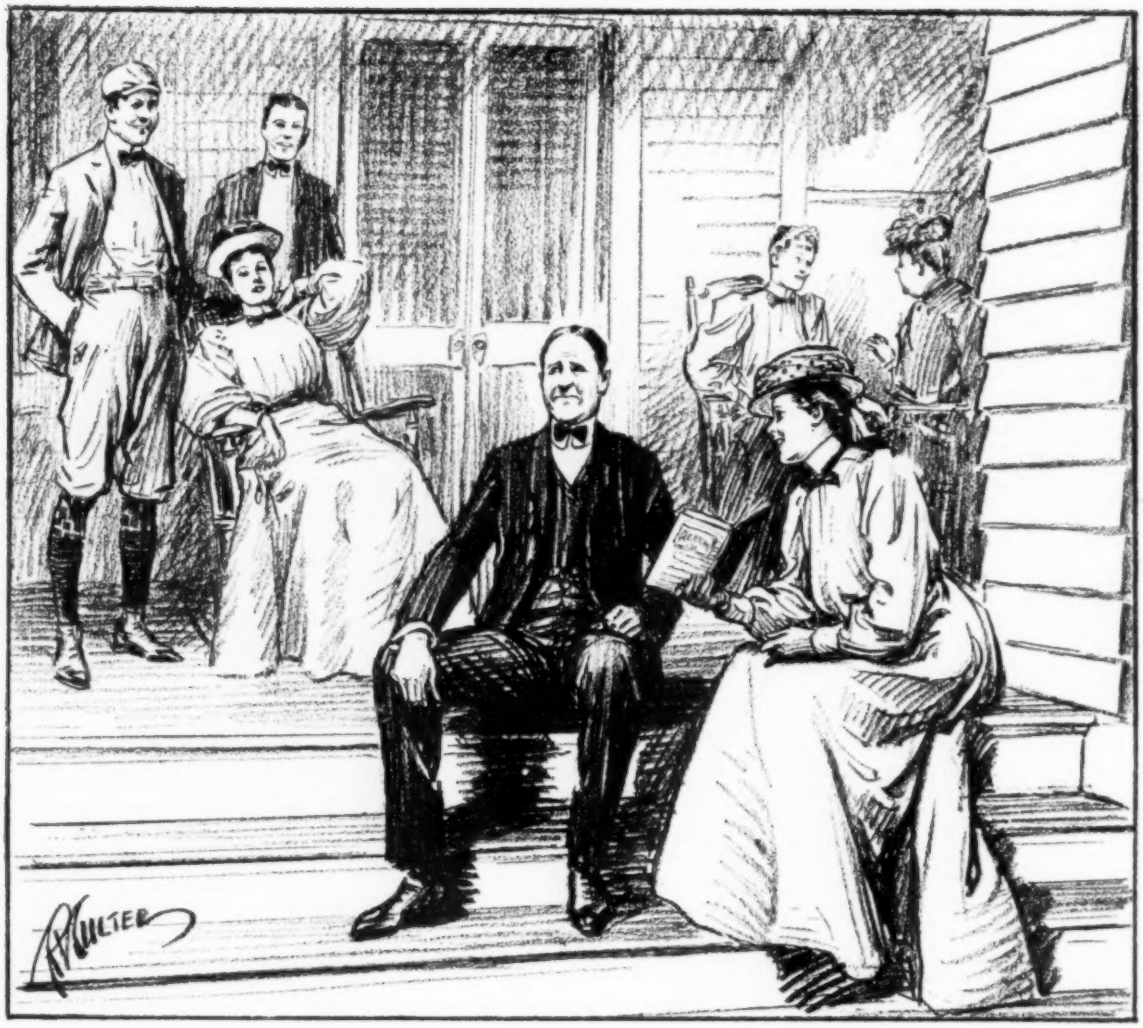
Asterisk—A quaint device to make a passage much more exciting than mere words could possibly make it.

Scenarization—A process used by the movies to keep an author from recognizing his handiwork.

Bertram Bloch.

NOW YOU TELL ONE

"I WISH I had stuck to driving a truck," said the movie star. "My heart is not in my work and my next picture is a dud. Tell my public to go to hell."



THE GAY NINETIES

THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM PEST—ONE OF THE WORST SOCIAL HAZARDS OF THE NINETIES. THERE IS MANY A DIGNIFIED BANK PRESIDENT TO-DAY WHOSE SIGNATURE GRACES SUCH SENTIMENTAL GEMS AS—

When you are married
And live upstairs,
Don't be like other folks
And put on airs.

I take my pen into my hand
And grasp your album tight;
But 'pon my soul I cannot think
One single thing to write.

Remember me is all I ask
This simple boon of thee;
And let it be an easy task
To sometimes think of me.

When land and sea divide us
And you no more I see,
Remember it was Harry
Who wrote these lines to thee.

I wish you much,
I wish you plenty,
I wish you a husband
Before you are twenty.

When you're under the ground
And your bones are all rotten,
It is my sincere wish
That you'll not be forgotten.

Definition

A STRONG, silent man—one who has had a complicated operation performed by a noted surgeon but has never mentioned it to any one.

Merely Uninspired

GRACE: Does he know how to kiss?

CLAIRE: He may. Perhaps he just doesn't know when to.

Life Lines

THE Pennsylvania senatorial primary must have been a terrific blow to the go-getter school of salesmanship. It was an outstanding case in which the old Pepper failed to win.

Political weather forecast for the Great American Desert: VARE and warmer.

The way of the non-transgressor is hard. When last heard from, Gov. PINCHOT, endorsed as snow-white by the Anti-Saloon League, was still walking home from the ride.

Advice to the aspiring candidate for political office: Go wet, young man, go wet.

French official dispatches announce that French troops have advanced six more miles against the Riffians. This should now bring them, if our compilation of official data is correct, in the general vicinity of Siberia.

There will be no National Defense Day this year, the War Department operating on the theory that the general public will have its time entirely taken up that day in fighting off bandits and slightly drunken auto drivers.

The Polish revolution promises to resolve itself without much loss of life, but not without the use of hard names.

A statistical fiend has been trying to calculate the money value of a home run in baseball. We are not sure what the figure is, but it is certain that every clout has a silver lining.

"We are sorry that such a mistake was in our last issue of the *Herald* announcing the birth of a boy to Mr. and Mrs. Kent Butler. It should have read Mr. Kent Butler and family of Charleston spent the week-end here."
—*Liberty (Miss.) Southern Herald.*

We trust they're all doing as well as could be expected.

Pole Vaults

AS we understand it, the Norge just fell short of the Nome run record for 1926.

* * *

It must, we think, be conceded that Roald Amundsen is our most polific explorer.

* * *

Said Amundsen and Ellsworth to Col. Nobile as the Norge came to rest on Alaskan soil: "Thanks for the balloon ride."

* * *

Nobile's reply: "You Teller."

Foster Ware.

HOLDING BACK THE PENDULUM

Diminishing Returns

BLINK: My laundry sends back my shirts with different buttons sewed on them.

BLANK: You don't know when you're well off. My laundry sends back my buttons with different shirts sewed on them.

"WHEN HE MARRIED, HIS FATHER STOPPED HIS ALLOWANCE."
"YES; NOW HE'S GOING TO SUE THE OLD MAN FOR ALIENATING HIS WIFE'S AFFECTIONS."

Life's Travel Contest

The winner of this Contest will be presented with a six-weeks' trip from any point in the United States or Canada to France and England and return — with ALL EXPENSES PAID, FOR TWO PEOPLE.

There will be a second prize of $250 in cash, a third prize of $150, and a fourth prize of $100.

IN HER LATEST LETTER, JOAN WRITES THAT SHE DIDN'T GET TO SEE PICCADILLY CIRCUS BECAUSE IT HAD BEEN CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF THE STRIKE.

JOAN KINLEY is now on the last leg (no offense meant) of her European trip. The sixth of her eight letters appears below. In it she describes, in her own words, the historic and richly romantic city of London, and those who read her letter will observe that, as usual, she is slightly mixed.

The contestant who finds the greatest number of mistakes—misstatements of fact—in Joan's eight letters, *and corrects these errors,* will be in line for the first prize in the Travel Contest.

Read Joan's letter, and the conditions of the Contest, carefully.

This Is Joan's Sixth Letter—Watch for the Mistakes

DEAR EDITOR:

We arrived in London just too late for the great strike, which is just my luck, because I always miss everything exciting. The strike lasted for several months and was only settled when the Cardinal of Canterbury persuaded Premier Lloyd George to let the coal miners have that half holiday (with full wages) on Arbor Day for which they'd been asking.

The British are really too *wonderful!* Their courage is positively *inspiring!* All through the strike, the Coldstream Guards mounted duty just as usual in front of Whitechapel, which is the palace where George the first was beheaded. These guards are called Coldstream because, like our own splendid Marines, they were trained in the Navy.

London Bridge which fell down last year has been completely rebuilt and after seeing it I can understand where Lord Byron got the idea for that *enchanting* poem of his about Horatius.

We didn't get to see Piccadilly Circus as it was closed on account of the strike, but I don't care much as I'm sure it couldn't be as entertaining as Barnum and Bailey's.

Your loving friend,

Joan Kinley

P. S. Next week I'll write you from Stratford-on-the-Shannon where Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet," "Don Quixote" and other world famous plays. You'll probably notice his "influence" in my letter. Ha! Ha!

Questions and answers about the Travel Contest will be found on page 39

Conditions

ONE of Joan's letters will appear each week for eight consecutive weeks, commencing May 6th and closing June 24th. In each letter will be errors and inaccuracies in her descriptions of routes, places, directions, etc., and on detection of these mistakes, not grammatical errors, or the use of slang, the Contest is based.

In order to compete it will be necessary to send in at one time the complete set of her letters (or exact typewritten copies) with your correction of each error plainly marked on its letter or on an accompanying sheet of paper.

The first prize will be awarded to the contestant who indicates the greatest number of errors in Joan's letters and who writes the best essay on "What I Shall See in Europe." This essay, which must not exceed three hundred words in length, is to be enclosed with the corrected letters.

All answers to this Contest must reach LIFE *Office between 9 A.M. on June 24th and 12 noon on July 13th. No answers received at any other time will be considered as competing in the Contest.*

Use one side of paper only, with your name and address in upper left-hand corner of each sheet; both essay and corrections to be typewritten or very plainly written; full first-class postage prepaid thereon, and sent to Joan Kinley, LIFE, *598 Madison Avenue, New York.*

Announcement of the winners will appear in the August 5th issue of LIFE.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE *in order to compete. Copies of* LIFE *may be seen at any Public Library, or free of charge at the office of publication. You may copy the letters and use the copies you have made.*

There is no limit to the number of answers that any one contestant may submit.

The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE'S *staff and their families.*

The judges will be three of the editors of LIFE, *whose decision will be final.*

In case of ties the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

Ballade of Terms of Greeting

THE chap who shouts "Well, look who's here!"
I'll leave for other hands to slay;
When "Salutations" hits my ear,
I yawn and turn the other way.
"What's the good word?" and "Greetings"—they
No longer tempt me to destroy.
But this I swear, by Goddes fay,
I shoot to kill at "How's the boy?"

Glad-handers throng from far and near
And carol "How they coming?" yea,
"How's tricks?" "Comment ça va, monsieur?"
"Wee gates?" and "How you was today?"
"How's every little thing?" they say,
All unsuspecting in their joy.
Let them be merry while they may;
I shoot to kill at "How's the boy?"

Although I see my duty clear,
When some one frivolous and gay
Chirrups "Hullo-ullo, old dear,"
I bid the tiger in me "stay!"
"How now?" "What ho?" "How goes it, hey?"
These cannot vex me or annoy,
But there's a bound I set to play;
I shoot to kill at "How's the boy?"

L'Envoi

Prince Charon, when I Styx-ward stray,
No lustier salute employ
Than "Welcome to our city," pray;
I shoot to kill at "How's the boy?"

Kenneth Allan Robinson.

Fairy Story

ONCE there was a man in a play who, instead of saying, "Let me explain" at two-minute intervals, just started right in explaining, and saved the day.

First Aid

FIRST MOTORIST: Oh, see the pedestrian carrying a crutch.

SECOND MOTORIST: Good idea! That's a spare part.

THE poorest hour is just before the pawn.

Ethel: KNOW HIM?
Grace: SLIGHTLY; I MET HIM ONCE WHEN WE WERE MARRIED AND ANOTHER TIME, IN PARIS, WHEN WE WERE DIVORCED.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN
Burglar: WELL, POP, I LIFTED THE MORTGAGE ON THE OLD FARM LAST NIGHT—IT'S A CINCH TO BUST INTO THESE HICK BANKS!

He: WHAT IS IT YOU DON'T LIKE ABOUT TOM?
She: HE HAS SUCH A WEAK GIN.

Don'ts for Summer Week-Enders

DON'T be excited or disappointed if your hosts fail to meet you at the station. Remember there are other guests who must be met. And anyhow, it's only a four-mile walk to their estate.

Don't fail to admire the splendid early American ladder-back chair in the hall when you arrive. That would take ten points from your score.

Don't get out of bed at eight-thirty for a nine-o'clock breakfast—if you expect to appear at the table washed. Arise at six-forty-five. (While awaiting your turn for the ceremonies of the bath you can brush up on your reading—a short book like, say, "Vanity Fair" or the Old Testament.)

Don't in an unguarded moment say you like to work in gardens. Week-end hosts aren't above adopting conscription.

Don't offer to give the sweet young thing from Montclair any tips on golf. She was a finalist in the North and South Tournament.

Don't offer to lend your new flannels to any of your fellow-guests. Some people like to play tennis in the rain. Others suddenly become seized with a desire to go sailing on a rough day.

Don't take people seriously when they say: "The water's fine—once you get in." This really means once you get back in the house near a fire and look at the ocean through a window.

Don't intimate that you can play the piano in either of the following circumstances: (*a*) if you can play it; (*b*) if you cannot play it.

Don't be frightened or irritated if the rare old four-poster in which you are sleeping collapses some time during the night. Think of the boys in the trenches during the War.

...In fact, think of the boys in the trenches on every possible occasion and the week-end will be sure to be a glorious success.

Parke Cummings.

Ex-Baseball Umpire (as golfer makes third miss):
THREE STRIKES! YOU'RE OUT! BATTER UP!

From a Club Chair

THE difference, as I see it, is this: we buy our things out of next year's income and our fathers bought them out of last year's.

* * *

And, also, we have gone farther than not letting the right hand know what the left hand is doing; we don't even let the right hip know what the left hip is carrying.

* * *

I have been reading Professor Erskine's book and it makes me wonder whether, in all the years she spent in Troy, Helen didn't have her face lifted.

James Kevin McGuinness.

The Younger Married Set

By George S. Chappell

V. The Men's Gala Gymkhana

"HIS IDEA WAS A NOTICE THAT WOULD KNOCK THE POPULACE FLAT."

THE forward car on the 8:12 this morning looked like the ward of a Hospital for Crippled Octogenarians. This particular car, I may say, is "the thing," out our way. We regard it as our own and usually crowd aboard in a blithe band, brimming with fun and horseplay. Not so yesterday, for reasons of which I shall speak.

You see, Saturday last was marked by our annual Men's Gala Gymkhana, a field-day, "given over," as Miss Flamm wrote in the *Bulletin*, "to outdoor exercises, the kind enjoyed by red-blooded, two-fisted gentlemen." Miss Flamm is like that.

I don't know how much the gentlemen really enjoyed their strivings, but it was obvious that they suffered for them afterwards, for even the succeeding Sunday, spent mostly in a horizontal position, had failed to cure the choice collection of contusions that are the aftermath of unwonted athleticism, and there's a fine sentence for you!

"THEY FOLLOWED BERT BELOW STAIRS."

Willie Tripp, who writes insurance and low limericks, made himself obnoxious by flitting from seat to seat in an endeavor to adjust accident claims against the Country Club.

"Ah, there is my old friend, Dr. Pettner," he cried. "Let me see, what was it? You pulled the left tendon of Achilles, did you not? May I feel it?"

He did so, and the Doc, normally the most affable dentist that ever plugged a gap, emitted a howl. Distinctly, Tripp was a flop.

"Why do we undergo this yearly grief?" I wondered. Then my mind went back to the preliminary preparations, the notices, the follow-ups, the exhortations—even Dr. Vetch spoke of the Gymkhana from his pulpit and urged his men "to support this splendid get-together of clean, Christian fellowship"—and I realized that, like other of our events, this had become an institution, a sort of moral obligation. Out our way lukewarm brothers are looked at askance. You are either with us or agin us.

Well, anyway, almost everybody was with us at the Gymkhana. This year it was bigger than ever, so big that it was turned over to a special committee, who appointed sub-committees, so that we all had badges, plus a tasty nameplate in our lapels. When we got on our Indian war-bonnets — but there are so many details that I must pause and try to present them in order. Let's go back to the Organization Meeting when the question of notices was discussed. Joe Farwell was Chairman, in charge of everything, and his idea was a notice that would knock the populace flat, something with a punch and a lot of laughs in it. He looked at Doc Pettner, who runs the regular Entertainment Committee, when he said, "I'm not knocking you, Doc, old scout, when I say that just an ordinary card such as you send out for dances won't do. This is a special event and we want to whip up a helluva lot of enthusiasm and hand 'em the...the..."

"Applesauce," said Willie Tripp.

"Yeah...something to get 'em interested."

Joe isn't very quick but he is a worker and he had his way. The result was a poster so big that each recipient had to fish out two cents for postage due. The text began as follows:

WOW! POW WOW!!
OSKY WOW WOW!!!
Hail, Ye Red-faced Chiefs and Pale-faced Galoots!
Know Ye that the Kountry Klub Klan will Put on its War Bonnets and Full Regalia and Will Gather Round the Festive Kamp-fire on
SATURDAY, JUNE THE FIFTH,
For the ANNUAL MEN'S GALA GYMKHANA AND FIELD DAY.
ENERGETIC EXERCISE! EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT! ELEGANT EATS!
The Program...

A mass of gruesome details followed, outlining the day's sports: golf, tennis, putting and driving contests, a ball game, a tug of war, obstacle, potato and three-legged races, lunch, dinner and vaudeville, "Headliners from Broadway, featuring La Belle Fatima, the Naughty Nautch who Stops at Nautch." The whole sheet was so roguishly expressed that you just had to laugh.

The complete text was a welter of ideas rich in allusions to red men, kukluxers, royal proclamations or what have you, but out of the chaos Joe managed to convey the thought that the background of the party was to be American Indian. The local "braves" were to bid farewell to their "squaws and papooses" and quit the family "teepee" cold. Also, they were requested to send "seven and a half bucks in wampum of the realm to Big Chief Luther Pritchett, cash or charged to house account."

This bargain price was fiercely debated. Joe's estimate was five dollars; Pritchett stood out for ten. He had everything figured out to three decimal points, giving the Club the benefit of

the odd cent when it came out that way.

"Let's get down to brass tacks," he said. "Zinss"—the steward—"tells me that lunch will cost him 67½ cents a man. Then there are seven extra waiters at eight dollars, and the extra laundry."

Luther had it all down to a needle point. After much wrangling the compromise price was agreed upon. Then we took up the question of guests. It has been our custom to combine with the Village League, which includes such men as Jim O'Rourke, the popular plumber, Jake Mosely, the contractor, and a host of stalwart artisans who are not members of the Country Club. There are political reasons for this affiliation; besides which, they are good fellows. Why, the ball game between the League and the C. C. is the feature of the day. But again Pritchett was an obstructionist.

"Remember what those hellions did to the porch furniture last year?" he demanded. "It cost us...wait a minute ...sixty-two dollars and thirty cents for repainting and..."

"Oh, shut up," cried the Chair, "you make me sick. We've got to ask these birds, no matter what they break. I'll underwrite the damage."

"I'll make a note of that," said Pritchett darkly.

And so at last the day dawned—a perfect day. As Farwell said genially, "Didn't I fix it pretty with the weather man?" The Club looked very bare and inviting, Steward Zinss having removed all ornaments to points of safety.

We were off. The morning was quiet. A few athletes appeared and betook themselves to their favorite sports. Lunch was a somewhat pallid affair, gala days being officially dry, but there were a few locker-room meetings and the noise was increasing. That was hopeful. No male convention is a success without a lot of noise.

By 3 P.M. sports were in full swing. Pritchett, like a bird-dog, padded about

"DR. VETCH STUCK TO THE FIFTH VEIL WHEN HE GRACEFULLY WITHDREW."

checking up the attendance; for, in spite of a burglar-proof control at the door where the buttons were given out, he suspected that dead-heads were leaking in by other entrances. I am quite sure he didn't miss any one. The Village Leaguers added a lot. They hadn't heard of the official dryness, for the first remark of their spokesman, Jim O'Rourke, was, "Jeest, I'm dry. Where's a drink?"

Our Mr. Hoofner took them in hand—he would—and they followed Bert below stairs, whence they emerged redder than ever and ready for anything violent. No sports clothes for them. Black trousers, shirts and suspenders, and bring on your exercise!

How can I begin to recount the trials of skill and strength which marked our strenuous afternoon? It is impossible. I can only touch on the high spots. Thus, I was much taken with Jake Mosely's answer when President Libby asked him if he would like to join the driving contest.

"If it was drivin' a truck, Mister Libby, I'm your man, but golf—I never had a cue in me hand."

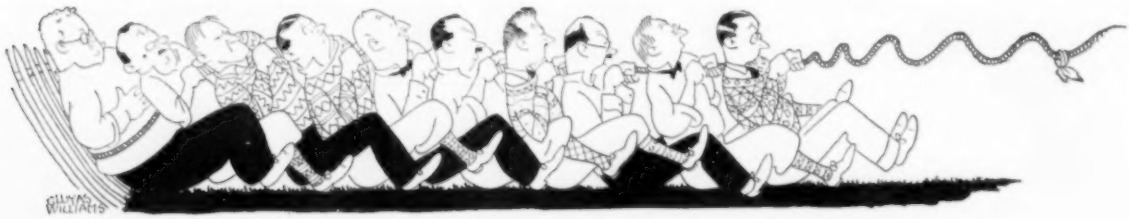
It was at baseball that our guests shone. We had to make a local rule that the Village League team should not be allowed more than nine runs in succession, one per man, for our own players, even the agile Willie Tripp, were powerless before the twirling of the masterly O'Rourke. The game was called in the fifth, 46 to 4.

"This way for the tug of war," yelled Joe Farwell, resplendent in buckskin and feathers. "The rope will be stretched across the end of the waterhole," he announced. "The losers get yanked into the water." This playful arrangement added zest, you may be sure. Mightily they strained, until Hank Tuttle's team was on the brink of baptism, when, at a sharp "Hup"! they let go with perfect precision. Their opponents fell like a row of dominoes, except Tubby Hoyt, anchor man, who fell back so far and so hard that he brought down an entire section of the caddy-yard fence.

From then on, fortissimo, crescendo. The locker room came into its own and its own came into it. Regalia broke out like a rash. Our guests had none, but Farwell had provided paper war-bonnets from the 5-and-10* for all diners and the table was a pretty sight. Luther Pritchett seemed unhappy in his primitive coiffure, but he was overlooked, as was the official dryness, even by Pres. Libby, who, wreathed in smiles and smilax, presided confusedly. There were speeches, mostly interruptions (just kidding, you know), until the last cup of coffee had been spilled and the last waiter had collected his head-tax, when Impresario Tripp broke out his Mammoth All-Star Vaudeville.

I have seen tough acts but frankly—

(*Continued on page 33*)



"THEIR OPPONENTS FELL LIKE A ROW OF DOMINOES."

SURE SIGNS

"THAT JONES GIRL DOESN'T SEEM TO BE VERY INTELLIGENT."
"NO, SHE DIDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME, EITHER."

That Barber-Shop Duet

CUSTOMER (*taking seat*): Well, nice day, eh? Looked like it was going to rain this morning, but it seems all cleared up now.

BARBER (*stuffing towels down customer's collar-band*): Hair-cut, sir?

CUSTOMER: Yes, just a trim. Not too short. I don't like to have my hair cut too short. My wife always says it makes me look like a picked chicken. I like it pretty long. Medium is about right, I guess. Cut it about medium.

BARBER: Yes, sir.

CUSTOMER: And don't leave it too long on the sides. I don't want to look like one of these baggy-pants sheiks you see around town with these side-burns. I'm too old for that stuff. I like it pretty short on the sides. Right about here, see?

BARBER: Yes, sir.

CUSTOMER: Well, it sure turned out to be a nice day. Looked like it was going to rain this morning. Too bad if it did rain and spoil that ball game this afternoon. Those Yankees are batting in great shape. Of course, they are not right at the top of their form, you might say, but it is pretty early in the season. They'll keep coming. Ever go to ball games?

BARBER: Yes, sir.

CUSTOMER: It's a good sport. The National Game, I always say, and it ought to be supported. I was thinking of going out this afternoon. I was figuring on leaving the office early and getting my car and driving up to the ball park. I stopped by to see if the car was all right, and I be dog-goned if I didn't have a flat tire. It's always that way. Just the time you want to use it something is wrong. I told the garage to put on a new one and fix the old shoe up, so I guess the car is ready after all if I decide to drive up to the park. Practically new tire, too. Wasn't a thing wrong with it. The boob that put it on pinched the inner tube, so she only lasted a few thousand miles. My left front tire was the same make and I've had her on for about ten thousand—no, I guess it's nearer eleven thousand miles. Just my luck to have some boob in a garage pinch an inner tube on me. Through already?

"THE GLORY THAT WAS GREASE"

BARBER: Yes, sir.

CUSTOMER (*tipping him*): Well, you did a pretty good job on the old mane. I'll see you again in a couple of weeks. So long.

BARBER: Good day, sir.

CUSTOMER (*to himself as he pays cashier and receives hat*): It's a funny thing about barbers. They are all the same. No matter what you do, they talk the ear off you.

Sterling Patterson.

Pre-War

BOB: I hear Harry's wedding was a terrible frost.

ROB: It certainly was. Even the ushers were sober.

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE best that can be said of Mr. Vare, who won the primary in Pennsylvania and is the Republican candidate for Senator, is that he had the courage of his convictions. He represented objection to the Volstead Act. He won as a Wet.

In the opinion of the *Springfield Republican* there was no clear-cut decision on the Wet and Dry issue in Pennsylvania. "If it can be considered," it says, "that the vote was simply on this question, then the Drys won, for Pepper and Pinchot, both Drys, had a combined majority over Vare of more than 170,000." So they did, but if that constitutes a victory for the Drys, why have hosannahs so languished on their tongues? It must be because they know that the 170,000 votes were not all Dry votes. A lot of Pinchot's miner votes were Wet and nobody can suppose that the Mellon and Coolidge votes that went for Pepper were all Dry.

Moreover, neither Pepper nor Pinchot was a conscientious Dry. Their aridity was merely political. Neither of them has given any sign of a real belief in Prohibition. They merely accepted it and professed interest in the enforcement of the law.

The victory in Pennsylvania was really a victory of the man who stood frankly for what he believed in as against two Pussyfoots, neither of whom really believed in what he professed. That is why the Pennsylvania primary was such a resounding wallop for Prohibition. It was a rebuke to political pretense. Thousands of reputable characters have supported Prohibition because they considered it reputable to support it. The patient ass has now spoken to Balaam and possibly the Balaams will take notice.

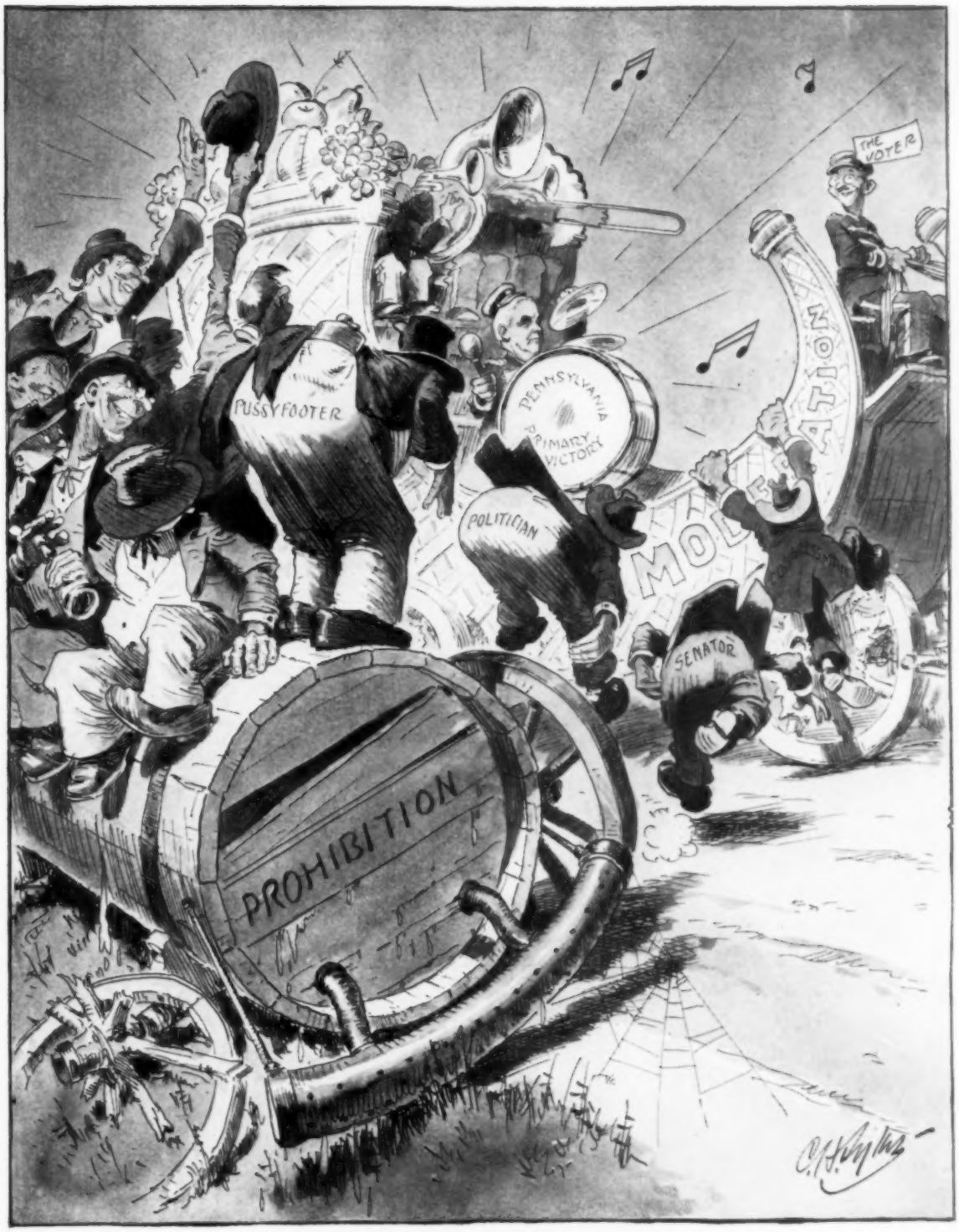
NOW then, for those who see in the Pennsylvania election a significant expression of public sentiment what is there to do? Is it desirable to bring back the conditions that obtained before the Amendment—the open saloons and all that? Hardly any one thinks so. The people who have fought against Volstead on moral grounds want something not only better than Volstead but much better than what we had before the Amendment. They want a law that can be enforced, a law that shall aid temperance and not hinder it; a law that shall promote order and not disturb it. The present job is to study this question and try to make good come out of present evils. Undoubtedly the problem is difficult. The Anti-Saloon League has sought to solve it by political terrorism. When the country is fully persuaded that that solution is not adequate, perhaps wiser minds and better brains will be enlisted for the job.

LIVES of great men oft remind us we can make our lives sublime, but some of the men who do not attain sublimity are also very well worth notice. There was William Earl Dodge Stokes, who has died, after a career of great publicity extending over about half a century. Nothing the newspapers could do for him was left undone. He was a specialist in divorce, incurable in his appeal to courts and very fully reported. He inherited about eleven million dollars and left about seven millions behind him, so he never came to want for money, nor yet for relatives of the utmost respectability and solvency. And yet his efforts to connect with happiness seemed never to achieve more than a fevered or temporary success, and whether at seventy-three he was any wiser than at twenty-three is a question unanswered. Poor man; he has to go into the record as an example of how not to live, and of the futility of divorce as a means to suit the unsuitable or appease the inconstant.

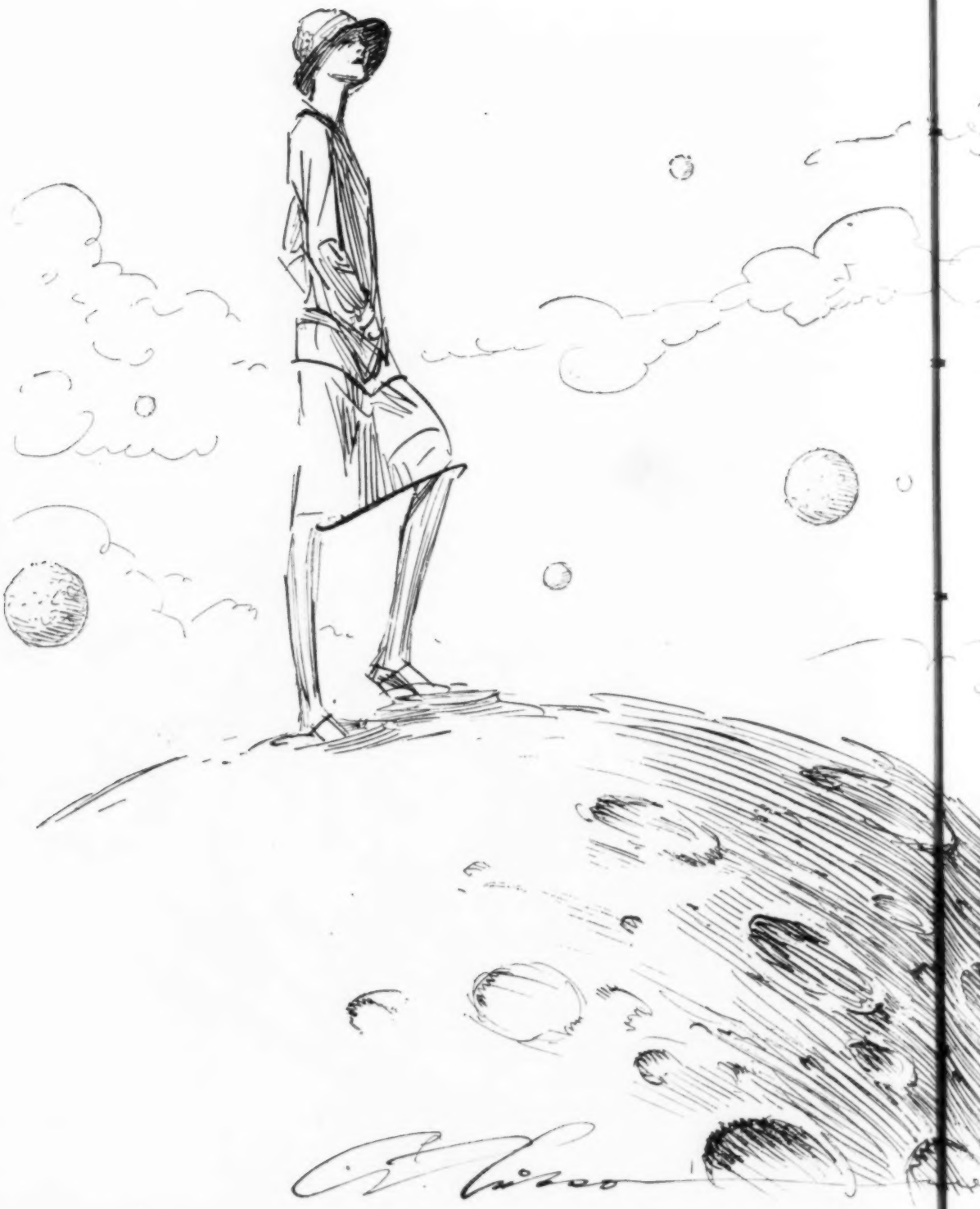
DR. MANNING is so conspicuous and interesting a figure in public life in these parts that it is useful to have his record as an ecclesiastical force set forth as it has been in the June *Harper's*. Mr. Davis, who has undertaken to disclose the facts of the Bishop's clerical career, seems to have dealt with them accurately, and has certainly produced an interesting and informing document. He makes the Bishop of New York out a clever man, quite remarkable in his ability to put over what he undertakes, and canny in selecting what to put over at any given time.

WALDO ROBEY, a pilot for the Porterfield Flying School near Kansas City, has lost his job. A fox terrier pup that liked the activities of the flying field and was very friendly with the mechanics there attracted Waldo's notice. He took him up in his plane and dropped him out from an altitude of 800 feet. His boss thought that was not ethical and dismissed Waldo from his employment. That was right as far as it went, but Waldo seems peculiar and ought to be studied somewhere in a psycopathic ward of a hospital. He said he dropped the pup over for fun. People who have his conception of amusement are of the type that at an earlier age thinks it so jolly to take father's revolver out of the bureau drawer and play "Shoot the Baby."

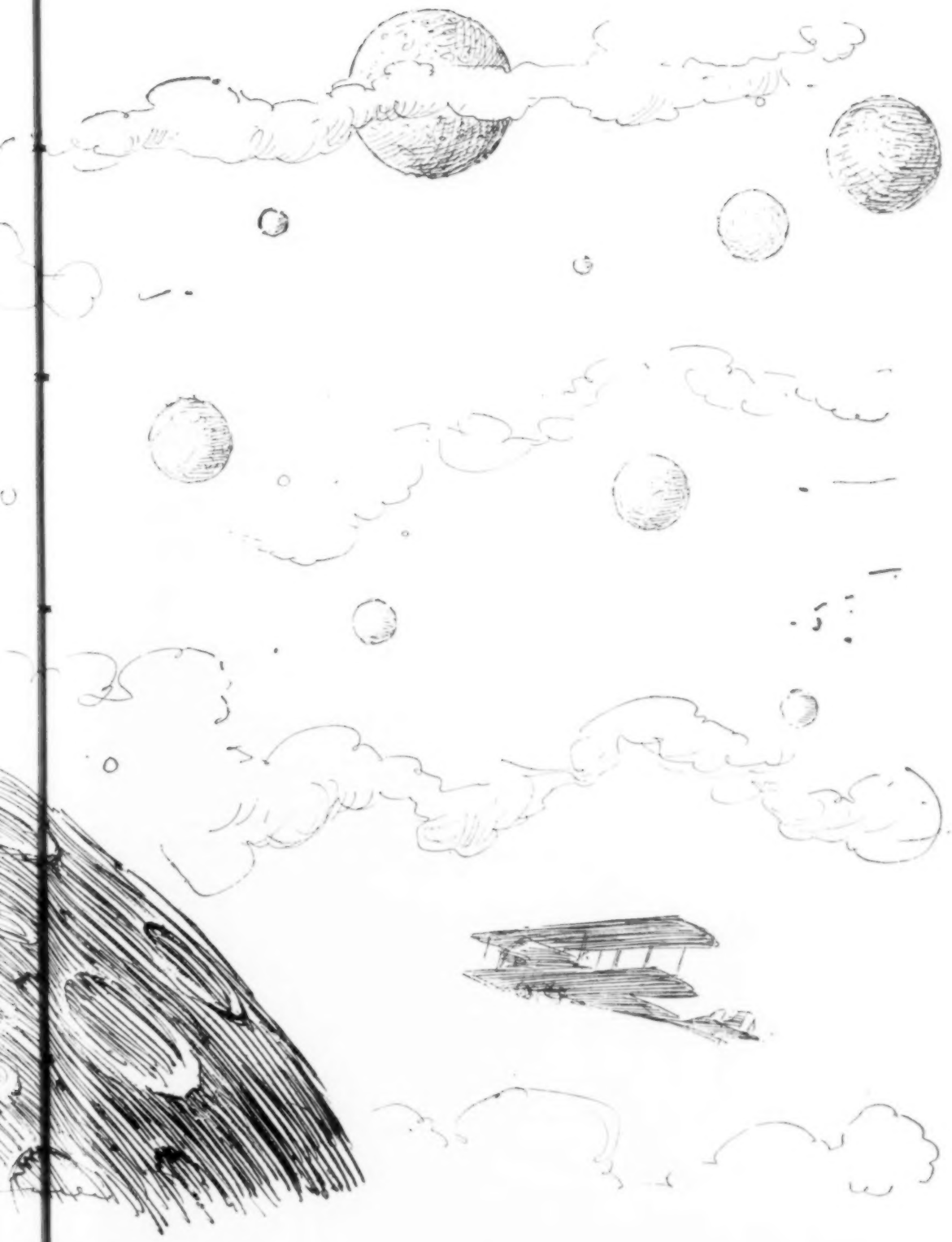
E. S. Martin.



The New Band Wagon



Other World to



rld to **Conquer**

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, *readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.*

More or Less Serious

Bride of the Lamb. *Henry Miller's*—Alice Brady giving a fine performance as a lady whose religion got mixed up with her libido.

Craig's Wife. *Morosco* — George Kelly's prize-winning account of the good housekeeper who was awfully bad company.

The Great God Brown. *Klaw*—Man's dual nature made the subject of a highly impressive, if not entirely lucid, drama by Eugene O'Neill.

The Jazz Singer. *Cort*—Proving that a Jewish boy never forgets the old synagogue songs.

Kongo. *Biltmore* — The Hokum Express tearing with considerable effect through Africa.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric as the colored gold-digger who paid the wages of sin. An ideal rôle for Miss Ulric and one for Henry Hull as well.

Sex. *Daly's*—What more do you have to know about this one?

The Shanghai Gesture. *Shubert*—Considerable excitement in a Chinese brothel under the management of Florence Reed.

Square Crooks. *Maxine Elliott's*—Medium-grade cop-and-crook story.

Tourist: IT'S CERTAINLY WONDERFUL HOW THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS GOT THE IDEA FOR THIS STUFF WITHOUT GOING TO HOLLYWOOD.

Young Woodley. *Belmont* — A delicately handled account of adolescent sap-stirrings, with Glenn Hunter giving an excellent performance.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—The only thing left to do now is to close this department. There is no sign of this show's closing.

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—Fun at cheating in cards.

At Mrs. Beam's. *Guild*—A London boarding house as the scene of hilarious excitements, in which Jean Cadell, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are featured.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—See opposite page.

The Importance of Being Earnest. *Ritz*—Still smart after these years of imitation.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—Very funny tough talk.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—You won't remember it long but you will have had lots worse evenings.

Love-in-a-Mist. *Gaiety*—Madge Kennedy making a thin comedy into something else again.

Not Herbert. *Forty-Ninth St.* — Gem-thievery which involves quite a bit of comedy.

One of the Family. *Eltinge*—Home troubles of Grant Mitchell.

The Patsy. *Booth*—Nice enough.

Pomeroy's Past. *Longacre*—Delightful light stuff, with Laura Hope Crews and Ernest Truex.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes in the old Maude Adams part and no complaints at all.

The Wisdom Tooth. *Little*—A fantasy which every one ought to like who likes fantasy, and even a few others.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Bunk of 1926. *Broadhurst*—We haven't seen this since it moved downtown but it doesn't sound so good.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—We can still get lots of laughs out of the Marx Brothers after half a dozen visits.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—A good evening with some very smart youngsters.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Puck and White in a fast-moving show with a good score.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—To be reviewed later.

The Great Temptations. *Winter Garden*—Nude and, for the most part, negative. Not bad for the eye, however.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth* — A fitting revival of a grand show.

Kitty's Kisses. *Playhouse*—Mostly dancing.

A Night in Paris. *Casino de Paris*—Diverting.

Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Spectacular Russian with Tessa Kosta.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—You can't beat this one, with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue, for the money, much as it is.

Tip-Toes. *Liberty*—Very pleasant indeed.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Good old-fashioned comic opera.

Controversy and Catalepsy

YOU can get some idea of how dead the dramatic season is when you learn that recently on a Monday evening (the big night of the week for openings when there are any) an impressive gathering of metropolitan dramatic critics attended a private showing of the cataleptic powers of Rahman Bey, visiting fakir. They were skeptical, but they were there.

WE have no ideas at all about things like this. They may very well be genuine. Certainly, unless we were hypnotized (also a possibility, as we are probably a hypnotic push-over), we saw Rahman Bey running hatpins through his cheeks and supporting blocks of stone to be smashed on his chest as he lay on a bed of spikes. It may be that we *didn't* see these things, but that is our impression now. It may also be that the whole thing is a fake. If it is, it is pretty slick. You'll get no argument, one way or the other, out of us. But we *would* like to know whether the professor in charge said that Rahman Bey can induce "rigidity" or "frigidity." If it is the latter, he should be deported at once.

THERE was one incident during the performance which, while not exactly unpleasant, has caused us considerable speculation since. A committee were selected to write out little errands for Rahman Bey to perform and he was to read their minds sufficiently to run and do what they had written. Everything went swimmingly for the first three missions. He took a cigar out of Al Woods' mouth; he dragged a chair from the back of the room and sat in it, and he found a magazine hidden behind a portière. Then he struck a snag. The fourth request he could not seem to decipher, and after several minutes of fruitless hopping about, time was called and he admitted failure. The request, on being read aloud, was that he should kiss the editor of this department, a whim of a facetious member of the committee.

There are two ways to explain this flop on Rahman Bey's part. (1) He really couldn't make out what was wanted. (2) He made it out, but pretended that he couldn't, rather than comply.

Now if the latter was the case, we can assure Mr. Bey, or Mr. Rahman, or however he works it, that he need not have worried. Just let him *try* to kiss us, and see what would happen to him, that's all. The big nance!

HEYWOOD BROUN, in his column in the New York *World*, says that he has seen "Cradle Snatchers" and thinks that it is "healthy." Vulgar it may be, but it is healthy vulgarity. He sides with "a well-known feminist" who believes that those of us sensitive critics who professed to find "Cradle Snatchers" unpleasant did so because we are males and "Cradle Snatchers" preaches a sort of boisterous equality of the sexes which we subconsciously resent. He says that no one objects to the middle-aged gentleman who becomes eager in the presence of flappers, so why frown at middle-aged ladies who thrill at the embraces of young boys? He concludes by offering to pay a year's board at a local reformatory for any adolescent whose morals have been impaired by "Cradle Snatchers."

IN the first place, we never looked askance at "Cradle Snatchers" on moral grounds. Sexual display in the theatre is not so often immoral as in bad taste (a matter of personal opinion, we will admit). But our objection to "Cradle Snatchers" was that it made farce out of material which is, to our way of thinking, essentially pathetic. We do not feel that three middle-aged married women in the throes of amorous agitation in the presence of three unresponsive boys are very comical. They make rather a sad picture, or at any rate, a picture which it is rather cruel to hold up to the guffaws of a lot of strangers. As we remember it, Eugene O'Neill once wrote a tragedy on the subject.

Also, for Mr. Broun's records, and those of the well-known feminist, we hereby subscribe ourself as a constant objector to the other side of the shield, the middle-aged man in pursuit of the flapper. That picture is not even pathetic. And, lest the specialists in the subconscious read anything sinister into this admission on our part, we hasten to add that we have had the feeling ever since the days of our more robust youth when, in musical comedies, there was always an old satyr in a pearl-gray Prince Albert who sang a song in the milliner's shop about "Girlies, girlies, girlies." It is just a congenital stomach-weakness on our part, nothing subtler or more susceptible of analysis. To our mind, the only time sex is funny is when every one concerned is starting at scratch with no handicaps.

Robert Benchley.

Life and Letters

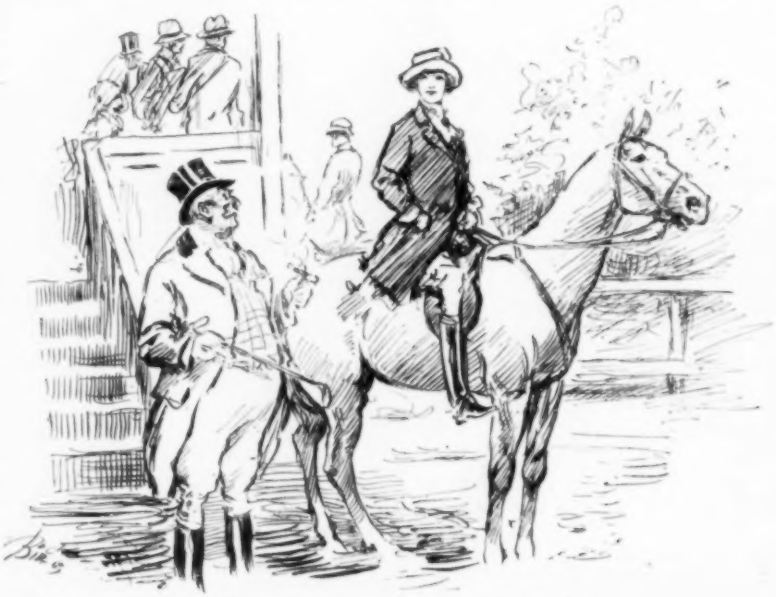
ONE curious reaction to "A Casual Commentary," by Rose Macaulay (*Boni & Liveright*), is the reflection that its author might be a little disturbing as a maiden aunt. Not that she would be the sort to give her godchildren the newest encyclopedia when their hearts were set on new fishing tackle or silver slippers—her intelligence would make her aware that a gift's *raison d'être* as well as its prosperity lies in its acceptability in the eyes of the recipient—but she would certainly have a few things to say if she should ever catch them reading the marriage notices of perfect strangers (one of my favorite diversions), or breaking any other of the innumerable unwritten by-laws observed by precisians in thought.

By the same token, another reaction is that Miss Macaulay would be an excellent editorial writer for this country. She has done more to debunk English thinking than any woman writer of her time, and it seems a great pity, when some of our evening papers have so much space and so many capital letters to spend on disseminating the pronouncements of third-rate sophists, that she does not get a proper chance at our own proletariat. We have heard her heretofore through her novels, the outstanding titles of which are "Potterism" and "Told by an Idiot," but in "A Casual Commentary" she straightforwardly proclaims her views on all sorts of things, from the dark future of woman to the reasons for attending evening parties. If the book does nothing else—and you will have gleaned from the tone of this notice that it does considerable—it will have rendered one satisfactory service in its attack of the statement, "It wouldn't be cricket." How, asks Miss Macaulay, have cricketers succeeded in impressing that statement on the entire world as a criterion of conduct, when cricket is no nobler or more difficult a game than football or bridge? She doesn't even pause for a reply.

It must, indeed, be marvelous to think so straight and see so clearly. Come to think of it, Miss Macaulay would be an ideal maiden aunt—for a lot of people I know.

IN regard to the writings of James Branch Cabell, I am more or less like the ignoramus who stands in front of a museum piece and answers "Uh-huh" or "Yes, indeed!" to the ravings of a connoisseur, wishing the while that he were out in the open air in the neighborhood of an orangeade stand or hot-dog wagon. I know that Mr. Cabell's flights are sly and glamourous and that his much-talked-of symbolism will harm nobody capable of perceiving it. At the same time, I prefer a hero to be named John Jones or Herbert Montmorency rather than Gwyveth Lhymecup, and I can get more kick from the casual description of a house which might be 20 Gramercy Park than from a precious prose passage about a shining palace which has vanished when I strike the next page. If there are hills in the landscape, I would rather know them as Mount Tom or Vroman's Nose than as Illusion or Despair. In short, allegory, unless with words and music exclusively by Richard Wagner, does not get very far with me. Nevertheless, I can cheerfully recommend to you Mr. Cabell's latest, "The Silver Stallion" (*McBride*). I should never think of putting it on a desert island list, but compared with much of the spring fiction that floats in daily, it makes very satisfactory reading.

IF you have not read "Lolly Willowes, or The Loving Huntsman," by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*The Viking Press*), something very charming is in store for you. I can't tell you exactly what, because it is the sort of thing that falls to pieces with discussion. ("*That's* a fine way to get out of doing a little work!" I hear many gentle readers saying.) But all the lovely things which various celebrities and book committees have been quoted as saying about it are true. It is full of subtle wit and delightful observations, one of the truest of the latter being, (*Cont. on page* 36)



He: WOULD YOU MARRY FOR MONEY?
She: MAKE ME A PROPOSITION.

Hardened

I'M fifty-six years old; that guy called Job
Can't come it over me—I'll say he can't.
I've worn that ashen crown, that sackcloth robe
And done my share of whoop and paw and rant.
I've seen it all; bring on whatever's left—
It can't scare me; of shudders I'm bereft.

I'm fifty-six years old; I've seen it all.
I can't grow gushy over anything.
I know there'll be red foliage in the fall,
White snow next winter and green grass this spring.
There'll come some moron warbling all is wrong,
But I'll not buy a copy of his song.

I'm fifty-six years old; been married long,
And have a family much like yours, my friend.
Life hasn't been one burst of rippling song,
And goodness knows what lurks around the bend—
But let 'er lurk! I'll stick around and see.
There's no more dread that can be squeezed from me.

Strickland Gillilan.

Wonderful Control Papa

SEE the man who tells the world that he knows how to make his boy mind and does make him mind! He goes home while the world is not listening. He finds his boy in the yard playing. He knows he should come in and wash his hands for dinner. That does not worry him—for he knows how to make that lad come in. He goes to the door, unafraid, calm, confident. He knows the words to say that will make the young gentleman come in. And he says those words. They are the words employed by the thousands of members of the Wonderful Control Papa Federation: "Oh, son! Son!! Mother says you must come in right now!!"

H. Hovious Rafferty.

"GOOD-BY, SIS! I WON'T KISS YOU BECAUSE I'D SMEAR YOUR LIPS."

I Went to a Vaudeville

THEY didn't have a pair of acrobats who tumbled around as if they didn't have some good stunts up their sleeve; they didn't have a female impersonator; they didn't have a man who could add figures and write upside down, backwards, right side up; they didn't have a skinny girl playing MacDowell's Woodland Sketches, and a skinnier girl with a violin playing "Pale Moon"; no one sang "I Miss My Swiss"; there wasn't a jazz band nor a baby ingenue. I went to a vaudeville *and not one of the actors was Jewish.*

Raymond Krescusky.

"YOU BOYS COME HERE AND WALK AROUND A WHILE. I LOST MY DARNING NEEDLE SOMEWHERE ON THE FLOOR."

Skywards

TICKET AGENT: Yes, sir, we can sell you a ticket to anywhere.

WISE GUY: How about a ticket to Heaven?

TICKET AGENT: Yes, sir—right down at the Redemption Window.

"WHEN it comes to drying up a country," remarked the Perspiring Prohibitionist, "it is my experience that the first forty-eight States are the hardest."

Hostess: DON'T YOU *love* MY COCKTAILS, MAJOR?
The Major: OH—YES, INDEED! BUT I'M RATHER AFRAID WE'VE KILLED THE GOLDFISH.

Prices the Antiques Fetched at the Country Auction

SANDWICH-GLASS plate	$17.50
Ship model	42.00
Green-glass candlesticks	26.75
Broken Windsor chair	36.00
3 cracked plates of Chelsea china	12.50
Two Currier & Ives prints	15.00
6 old letters in the original stamped envelopes	33.00
Incomplete spinning wheel	56.00
Maple bed	108.00
8-year-old family flivver	7.25

Bill Sykes.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Here, here, you boys mustn't play on that lot!
KID: Aw, gwan, d'you think you're Mussolini?

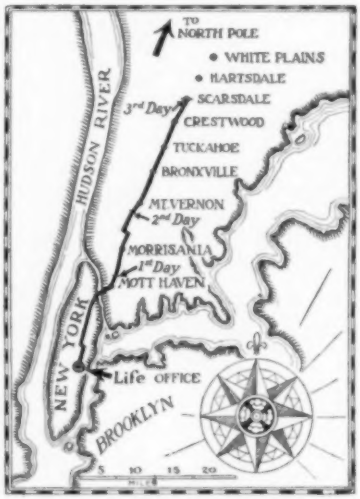
The LIFE Polar Expedition

(No bulletins from Commander Benchley were received last week, due probably to static in the vicinity of Tuckahoe. The following exclusive message has only just come through.)

EN ROUTE with LIFE'S *Polar Expedition, June 7.*—We are still in Scarsdale, and from the looks of things, it will be fall before we are able to get out and on our way. We have even talked of giving up the North Pole plan entirely and trying the South Pole. There aren't so many amateurs at the South Pole flying constantly around in airships.

We probably would have kept right on going as originally planned had we not been held up in Scarsdale so long. But there was the first big disappointment about that nut which got lost (although the more we think of it the more we are convinced that my little boy is telling the truth when he says that he never touched it. A boy as small as he is simply couldn't lie day in and day out, as he at first seemed to be doing), and then there were the screens to be put on.

The screens held us up for almost two days. It occurred to my wife that while we were waiting for the extra nut from New York we might as well put the screens on, and, at the time, the idea appealed to us. We thought of it more as a lark. Lieut.-Commander Connelly said that he knew how, and could do it alone in a jiffy, but Ensign Thermaline and I insisted that we would not let him do it alone. It is this spirit of team-work which has made our expedition the success that it is.



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF SCARSDALE, WHERE THE *Life* EXPEDITION WILL LAY OVER UNTIL FALL.

So we got the screens out from the cellar and found that they were very, very dirty, owing to the soft coal we had to use last winter. As Lieut.-Commander Connelly said, what with our own coal strike in this country and the one in England, things have come to a pretty pass. He said this in a moment of irritation after hitting one of the screens and covering himself with a cloud of coal-dust. He doesn't usually lose control of himself like that.

Well, we had a *great* time finding which screens went with which windows. I don't think that we have got all of them right even now, for if you walk past the dining-room windows with a jarring step, the screens fall off into the nasturtium-bed. That can mean only one thing: the screens are not on the right windows. But all the other screens seem to fit

(Continued on page 37)

Chrysler "70" Sets Today's Pace In Price As In Performance

Chrysler "70" Coach $1395, f. o. b. Detroit

And now, at sensational lower prices, Chrysler "70" is more remarkable than ever before.

Nothing is changed, except for the low price, so no wonder that Chrysler "70" makes your motoring of today and for years and years to come as easy and comfortable, and—at these sensational lower prices—as economical as good sense demands that it must be.

Light and graceful in delightful contrast to gross bulk and unwieldiness. Fleet and agile in contrast to the cumbersome. Economical, long-lived, and compact with entirely new and sane comfort developments, it literally signifies a finer, freer and more sensible era in personal transportation—priced today at savings to you from $50 to $200.

Chrysler "70" Prices Reduced $50 to $200

Model	New Price	Savings
Coach	$1395	$ 50
Roadster	1525	100
Royal Coupe	1695	100
Brougham	1745	120
Sedan	1545	150
Royal Sedan	1795	200
Crown Sedan	1895	200

CHRYSLER "60"—*Touring, $1075; Roadster, $1145; Club Coupe, $1165; Coach, $1195; Sedan, $1295.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton, $2645; Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment, wood wheels optional), $2885; Coupe, two-passenger, $2985; Coupe, four-passenger, $3195; Sedan, five-passenger, $3395; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3595; Sedan-limousine, $3695.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All models equipped with full balloon tires.

Ask about Chrysler's attractive time-payment plan. More than 4300 Chrysler dealers assure superior Chrysler service everywhere.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, pioneered by Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER "70"

Life
the SILENT DRAMA

An Old Wound

IT seems that England is displeased with our prize movie, "The Big Parade." After the showing of that popular (over here) production in London, a loud squawk emanated from the columns of the one-hundred-per-cent. British press. The remarks of the local cinema critics sounded exactly like the protests of a group of California Babbitts who had been compelled to sit through a lecture on the brilliant financial prospects of Florida.

"It is really absurd," said the *Daily Mail*, "that any film company should imagine that the public of this country is going to be content with a film... which coolly and cheerfully gives the impression that the American troops won the war unaided."

The *Daily Express* critic is even more so. "They have our money and now they want our glory," he avers (as the *Literary Digest* would put it). "What the puny efforts of the French and British troops failed to accomplish in four years the glorious 'he-men' from the West achieved without difficulty.... It ["The Big Parade"] vulgarizes sacred memories. Its raucous hooliganism shatters the silence in secret places."

I HAVE seen "The Big Parade" several times, and I have not detected at any point the implication that American troops won the war unaided. In fact, so far as I could observe, it doesn't suggest that American troops—or any one else, for that matter—won the war at all. Basically, it is the simple and unpretentious story of three men who happened to accompany the American Expeditionary Force on its trip to the front line in France.

They enlisted in the hysteria of the moment; they were trained, were billeted in a French town, drank wine, made love to mademoiselles, were carried forward in trucks and were scared stiff when they first faced machine-gun fire—exactly like millions of other civilian soldiers since the first hundred thousand marched to Mons. Two of them were killed in action; the third returned home, with one leg shot away, to find that his girl had become engaged to his bombproof brother.

These men fought, for a short period of time, in a sector which was far removed from the British front. Consequently, there are no British soldiers visible in the picture—nor are there any Italian, Russian, Japanese, Belgian or Portuguese troops on hand to prove that the war was a community affair. I don't see that this is necessary.

Put the American soldiers of "The Big Parade" in the uniforms of British Tommies, and it would still be a fine, stirring and essentially true picture of the war.

It seems strange that a nation which can survive, with such enviable good humor, air raids, submarine blockades, the vaporings of Horatio Bottomley and general strikes, could get so inordinately het up over an American movie.

THE whole subject of American films is a sore one in Great Britain. It is charged frequently, in the press and even in Parliament, that we are spreading subtle and pernicious Yankee propaganda through the medium of our cheap, vulgar and crudely inartistic motion pictures.

Englishmen should remember that we object to our own movies just as strenuously as they object to them—and that we support them just as enthusiastically. Neither nation has any monopoly on the sucker crop.

But "The Big Parade" represents just about the best we can do in the way of film production, and it is both idle and lamentably insular for Englishmen to object to it merely because it happens to be American.

I HAVE talked with a great many Americans since the Armistice was signed, and I have yet to encounter one who made the statement, or even the suggestion, that America won the war.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Aloma of the South Seas. Gilda Gray makes good in a picture which is beautiful but dumb.

Money Talks. Offensive vulgarity, offered as "humor."

The Wilderness Woman. Chester Conklin is funny in an otherwise stupid picture.

Brown of Harvard. The Rover Boys at Harvard, with a great performance by William Haines.

Hell-Bent fer Heaven. Effective drama of religious fanaticism in the hill country.

A Social Celebrity. Adolphe Menjou as a small-town barber who crashes the gate. Just fair.

The Volga Boatman. An expansive treatment of the Russian revolution by Cecil B. De Mille, with some gorgeous pictures and some ham drama.

The Sea Beast. John Barrymore ought to be ashamed of himself for such acting.

Beverly of Graustark. Pallid farce-melodrama, in a musical comedy setting, with Marion Davies.

Mlle. Modiste. Corinne Griffith wears several gowns—but that's all.

The Devil's Circus. A mixture of Continental expressionism and good old Hollywood hokum, with the latter element predominant.

The Flaming Frontier. Custer's last stand, and other frontier events, in the usual epic manner.

Kiki. Norma Talmadge as a flip little *gamine* of the Paris streets.

Fascinating Youth. Mr. Lasky's pets in the world's most inconsequential picture.

For Heaven's Sake. Harold Lloyd again justifies his reputation.

Mare Nostrum. Seething passion in the submarine zone, directed by Rex Ingram.

Ben-Hur. It's great for those who like spectacles.

La Bohême. Admirers of Lillian Gish, John Gilbert and King Vidor will try to forget that they ever were involved in this one.

The Black Pirate, Moana, The Merry Widow, Stella Dallas and **The Big Parade** are still at the head of the list.

"Please don't feel hurt"

"BUT somehow or other, I simply must tell you.

"I know this is something that most people might not talk about. Yet I feel it is my duty to tell you."

"Well, what is it?" her friend demanded.

The other was about to whisper something to her. But then she drew back.

"It may seem foolish," she said, "but I just can't bring myself to say it. You *must* know it yourself!"

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only —*never in bulk. There are four* sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

A CHALLENGE
We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.
LARGE TUBE—25c

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

"YOU HAVE NO PAPERS?"
"NO, BUT I HAVE SOME TOBACCO."
—*Le Ruy Blas (Paris).*

The Embattled Pedestrian Who Seeks the Sidewalks

On the sidewalks we can quite escape
The honkers and the tooters,
But not the skates, velocipedes,
The two-wheel bikes and scooters.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Monastic Effect

"Couldn't you let that skirt down a little, Mary Louise? It's only an inch below your garters."

"For Heaven's sake, Mother! Do you want me to look like a monk?"
—*New Yorker.*

Melba says that when singing we should always clench something tightly in our hands. So we do. It's the soap.
—*Punch.*

"A married couple have a lot to contend with," says a writer. They have each other.—*Ideas (London).*

A Point of Etiquette

One of the "Vanities" charmers introduced her boy to her best girl friend, with the result that the b. g. f. alienated the affections of the chap. The aggrieved gal gave her treacherous friend a piece of her mind in a letter which follows:

"You Big Bum: You knew very well we were going around together for six months. Wait till I lay my hands on you, you good-for-nothing bleached blonde. I'll scratch out your eyes, pull out your hair, your teeth, and throw acid on you. Yours truly, C—— N——.

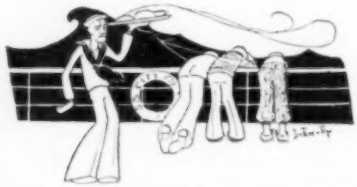
"P. S. Please excuse pencil."
—*New York Graphic.*

Mutual Reproaches

"I gave you," said he, "the best five years of my life."

"Were those your best?" she asked in surprise.—*Tit-Bits (London).*

Charity uncovers a multitude of sins.
—*Collier's.*



THEY SIMPLY COULDN'T CONTAIN THEMSELVES ANY LONGER.
—*Southern California Wampus.*

Heard in Harvard Square

"Oi, Abie, your vatch fell into the gutter out!"

"Leave it lie, Benny. Ve Harvard men gotta uphold the traditions of indifference."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Sinclair Lewis is stranger than his fiction.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"WHY CAN'T YOU READ THAT PART OF YOUR SHORTHAND NOTES?"
"DON'T YOU REMEMBER? THAT'S WHERE YOU TICKLED ME."
—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney).*

Stop Me If You've Heard It

What these explorers talk about in the smoking compartments of the airplanes is something that C. F. W., a contrib inflamed with curiosity, wants to know. Well, probably they begin, "It seems there were a couple of Poles, North and South——"
—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

What's the Use?

"What's become of that fellow Smith who was known as the perfect driver?"

"He met Jones, who was the imperfect one."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Correct this sentence: "Daughter will soon be home from college," said the mother, "and she'll be a great help around the house."—*Columbia State.*

The flapper's farewell to her crown of glory: "So long, old top!"
—*Toronto Telegram.*

THE SOLITARY WALK AND THE ACCOMMODATING FRIEND

"...AND ON SUNDAYS MY FAVORITE PLEASURE IS TO GO INTO THE FOREST, AMONG THE GREAT TREES, AND WALK ABOUT AND DREAM...

"...BUT ALONE, YOU UNDERSTAND, ENTIRELY ALONE."

"INDEED I DO UNDERSTAND. I'M KEEN ABOUT THE VERY SAME THING MYSELF. LOOK...NEXT SUNDAY I'LL GO WITH YOU!"
—*Le Rire (Paris).*

More or Less Noble

ANOTHER movie came along—one of our Wild Westerns. I went to see it with an Englishman.... The Englishman watched the Indians through their terrifying manœuvres, and at the exact moment when a band of these painted, befeathered, bloodthirsty red devils were about to carry off the golden-haired child who was the idol of the wagon train and the angel of the camp, he turned to me and said:

"My word, but it seems to me it must be very difficult for your people to train these savages so they will be acceptable servants."

—*Samuel G. Blythe, in Saturday Evening Post.*

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

For the Asking

ARCHÆOLOGIST (*in search of prehistoric implements on Wiltshire Downs*): I hope you don't mind my collecting flints on your land?

FARMER (*suspecting mental trouble*): Not me! You just fill yer pockets with 'em and take 'em 'ome to mother.

—*Punch.*

HANDWORK

"LOOK AT THAT BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY ON HER DRESS—IT'S MARVELOUS—AT LEAST SIXTY YEARS OLD."

"DID SHE DO IT HERSELF?"

—*Parisiana.*

THE Class of 1944 is giving its yell now.—*Jewell (Kan.) Republican.*

Old Clothes

OLD Moritz Chawruser deals in second-hand clothing in the Grenadierstrasse, Berlin. He has a daughter who lives in Paris, and when she decided to get married the prospective son-in-law sent the old man enough money for a second-class railway ticket, so that he could be present at the wedding.

Moritz made the trip—fourth class. He stayed two weeks with the young people, eating and drinking freely and smoking expensive cigars, and then returned home in high spirits, carrying with him three pairs of cast-off trousers as a present from his son-in-law.

The day after his return it was noticed that the sign over his place of business had been changed a little. Under the words, "Moritz Chawruser, Old Clothes," appeared the legend:

"JUST BACK FROM PARIS WITH THE LATEST STYLES."

—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin).*

At Last

MRS. A.: You entertain a great deal more than you did formerly, I notice.

MRS. B.: Yes, indeed. This is the first really hospitable cook we've had.

—*Boston Transcript.*

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Broadcloth SHIRTS

For service and dress—made without collars and with French cuffs, or with ARROW-made collars attached and button cuffs It pays to insist on Arrows

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC. *Makers*

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Established 1874
2 and 4 E Forty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK

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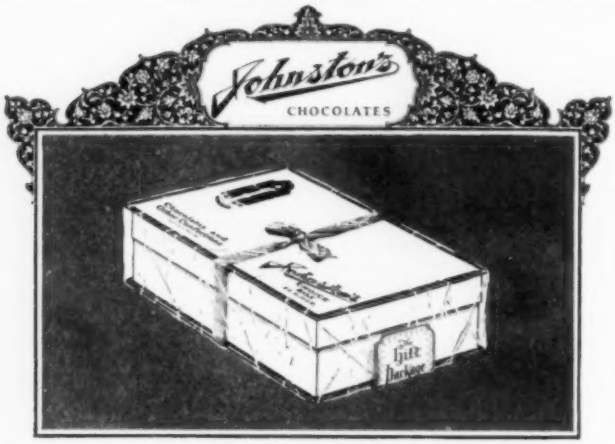


The Distinction of a Gift

of Johnston's Chocolates

THE sophisticated giver well knows the value of Johnston's for paying social "debts,"—for Johnston's is always correct.

The secret of its *good*-ness is one of a generation's standing. Today... because of it, Johnston's has won a pinnacle place among the fine things that have become part of our daily lives.

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY
NEW YORK . CHICAGO . MILWAUKEE . MINNEAPOLIS . OAKLAND

MOVIE NOTE—Douglas Fairbanks's picture, "The Black Pirate," is *not* based on the life of a Pullman porter.

COAL DEALER'S DAUGHTER: Papa, how many pounds in a ton?

COAL DEALER: It depends on who is delivering it, dear.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(*Continued from page 8*)

some other bureau. Then to the journals, scanning the agate advertising matter in the hope that a firm of English barristers might be looking for me in order to confer upon me the estate of some deceased forbear of whom I had never heard, but with no luck soever. Then to my accounts, marvelling how it is that greengrocers never seem to write legibly, and, upon finishing, to luncheon at an inn with Lisa Martin, who did tell me how her child, walking by her side along the Avenue, had suddenly vanished and was found half a square back in a coal-hole into which she had inadvertently stepped, in front of the house of one of the town's richest citizens, too. So Lisa did bethink herself of collecting damages, and after consulting her lawyer, did search the child hopefully for bruises and abrasions, but finding none, was forced to let the matter rest with the scolding she gave the butler for such carelessness. Home again, where Marge Boothby was come with all the wearing apparel of which she wished to dispose, and I did assemble all of mine, and we did realize from the second-hand woman who came to appraise our stock enough to take us to Atlantic City for a few days of sea air, with asparagus and soft-shell crabs every meal if we choose, albeit if I had removed the fitch collar from my old evening cloak, we should not have done so handsomely....This day my servant Virgie did find in one of the crevices of a couch the sable skin which I lost two years ago.

Baird Leonard.

So Easy to Use
just
Shake in Your Shoes

the Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

IT takes the friction from the shoe, stops the pain of corns and bunions and gives instant relief to tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet, blisters, calluses or sore spots.

Shake some **Allen's Foot=Ease** into each shoe in the morning,—walk all day in comfort. You will forget about new or tight shoes. ***Always use it to break in new shoes.*** In severe cases when your feet are tired and sore, sprinkle two **Allen's Foot=Ease** powders in the foot-bath, gently rub the sore and inflamed parts,—*No more sore feet.* This takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions.

Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent **Free.**

Address, **ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE, LeRoy, N. Y.**

Sold by All Drug and Department Stores

Some men are guided solely by appearance and —get just garters.

Some are guided by appearance and price and —get just garters.

But the wise garter buyer is guided by appearance, price, quality and construction and gets

AGRIPPA WEB

Bostons

The non-skidding garter with the wrinkle proof pad—the last word in garter comfort.

George Frost Company, Boston

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

What You Might Find in Your Favorite Newspaper

(If Pattern Were Taken from Movie Producers)

UNKNOWN MAKES DEATH LEAP
From the Story
by
John Mott

Telephoned to and Rewritten by
Ray Magee

Telephone Connection
by
Sadie Berger

Edited
by
Barry Cooper

Copy-read
by
Lew Choate

Carried to Composing Room
by
"Red" (Philip) Cummings

Linotyped
by
Stephen H. Curran

An unidentified man was instantly killed early to-day when he leaped in front of a downtown express at the Chambers Street station of the Broadway subway. The body was removed to the morgue.

T. A. Langan, Jr.

The Younger Married Set

(*Continued from page* 16)

well, the songs of the Swayne Sisters went over big and the wise-cracks of the monologuist were so far below the belt that the innocents in the audience only laughed to be good fellows. But the banner item was the "Dance of the Seven Veils" by La Belle Fatima, as advertised. To Cairo chords, the performer's costume was gradually removed, exposing more and more of the tropical zone. Dr. Vetch, who had stood the dinner nobly, stuck to the fifth veil, when he gracefully withdrew. It was too bad. He should have stayed, for the final unveiling revealed the face of a pleasant-looking young man with a black mustache. How's that for high?

So you can see that we had a perfectly wonderful day. But don't think that all our pastimes are of this rough variety. No, indeed. We also have very highbrow interests—our "Ladies' Literary," for instance. I shall have to tell you about that some time.

Unanimity

SUTTON: Three doctors diagnosed my case differently.

RODGERS: Didn't they agree on anything?

SUTTON: Yes; each one said I owed him twenty-five dollars.

Standardizing with Remington *means typing efficiency*

THERE is exactly the right Remington for every writing purpose. Only Remington can offer the typewriter user such complete typing service, with all the resulting advantages of a single responsibility for each and every requirement of any kind of business.

There are Standard Remingtons for general typing and wide carriage work; the Remington-Noiseless where quiet is desired; the Remington Portable for personal use; tabulating Remingtons; vertical adding Remingtons; and the complete Remington Bookkeeping Machines.

Let our representative make a survey of your requirements and recommend a Remington equipment that will establish new standards of efficiency for your office. No obligations will be incurred. Write or phone the nearest Remington branch office.

Remington-made Paragon Ribbons and Red Seal Carbon Papers always make good impressions

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway *Branches Everywhere* New York
Remington Typewriter Company of Canada, Ltd.
68 King Street, West, Toronto

Remington TYPEWRITERS A MACHINE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

To shave easily is one thing.

To enjoy shaving is quite another.

To shave easily, pleasantly, and feel refreshed after every shave is to use Fougere Royale.

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

Fougere Royale

Fougere Royale Stick, 75c; Cream, 50c; Talcum, $1.00 Eau Vegetale, $1.25. Facial Soap, 50c.

Life's Own Hero Fund

(For the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1926)

OSCAR MIDDLEBRAU, for having on August 8, while chef at the Swank Hotel, *put stew on the menu as stew*, received Life's Hero Fund Bronze Medal and the stew that was left over—which was all of it.

Leonora Jones-Smith, for having on October 24, on her return from Europe, *had her picture taken with her legs uncrossed*, received Life's Hero Fund Silver Medal and complete social ostracism.

James Dugan, butter-and-egg man, for having on the nights of November 10, 11 and 12, on which nights he visited eight New York night clubs, *steadfastly refused to give up his hat and coat to the check-room attendants*, received Life's Hero Fund Silver Medal, a pair of crutches and a complete set of disguises for his next visit to New York.

M. Ditmar, the censor, for having during the theatrical season 1925-1926 bravely confined his theatregoing to the following plays: "Artists and Models," "Earl Carroll's Vanities," "Greenwich Village Follies," "Sex," "Lulu Belle," "The Shanghai Gesture," "George White's Scandals," "A Night in Paris," and fourteen burlesque shows, received Life's Hero Fund Gold Medal and a complete set of the Elsie Books.

Bertram Bloch.

The Near Skeptic

HE doesn't believe that Italy or anybody else intends to pay the war debt.

When people talk to him about candidates' campaign promises he just laughs and laughs at such gullibility.

He knows perfectly well that the baseball pennant races were decided three weeks ago in a New York hotel room.

He believes that picking the winner of the Kentucky Derby is simply a question of knowing the right crowd of gamblers.

He even doubts that four out of five get pyorrhea.

In fact, he's skeptical as *anything*.

But he still believes that a non-refillable bottle can't actually be refilled.

Edward Lee Gordy.

One in a Trillion

"I SOLD my entire golfing outfit yesterday."

"What did you realize?"

"That I was hopeless."

THE vagrant thought occurs to us that the overcrowding of subways in New York would be greatly alleviated if the city's gunmen could be induced to leave their weapons at home.

Pour le Bain

and *after* the Bath

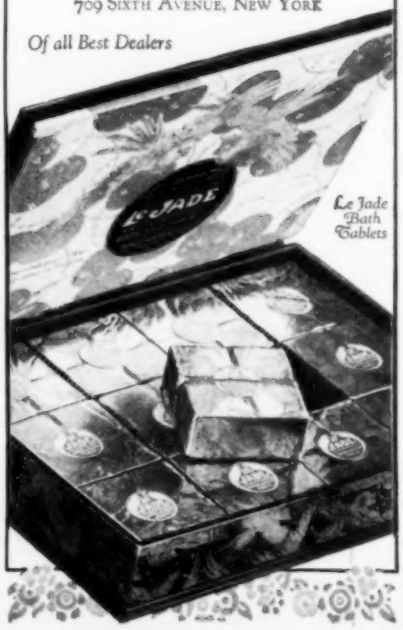
There is always such a pleasant sense of the *Fragrance of Cleanliness* in the use of Roger & Gallet's Bath Tablets. Little squares of feminine luxury they are—*pour le Bain*. And *after* the bath, a fragrant, refreshing and cooling Talc gives just the right finishing touch.

These articles come in most artistic boxes, in the fragrance of *Le Jade* or *Fleurs d'Amour*.

Roger & Gallet face powders are famous the world over for their softness, their refined lasting fragrance, and their absolute purity. In *Compact* form, in *Le Jade* and *Fleurs d'Amour*. In loose powder, in a great variety of perfumes.

ROGER & GALLET
Parfumeurs—Paris
709 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Of all Best Dealers



Le Jade Bath Tablets

Rhymed Reviews

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

By Elmer Davis. Robert M. McBride & Co.

CONSIDER Asaph Holliday,
A writing slave upon the *Balance*,
A highbrow weekly near decay
And gentle as a silken valance.

He might have drudged till Kingdom Come
Within the editorial cloister,
But Fortune sent an old-time chum
Who fairly dragged him forth to roister.

They crashed a gilded haunt of sin
Where flowed the Bronx and dry Martini;
His comrade's password got them in;
Said he, "We're friends of Mr. Sweeney."

Thus Asaph learned that front and bluff
Prevail in camp and court and college,
And things kept happening fast enough
To test and prove his new-found knowledge.

For doormen huge and waiters cross,
A band of burglars whom he daunted,
His mean and many-millioned boss
Who had to give him what he wanted,

A politician full of pride,
A princess, too, whose eyes were greeny,
All came to heel when Asaph cried,
"Me? I'm a friend of Mr. Sweeney!"

Now Asaph runs a thriving sheet
As glad as any merle or mavis;
So let the freshman class repeat
The lesson taught by Elmer Davis:

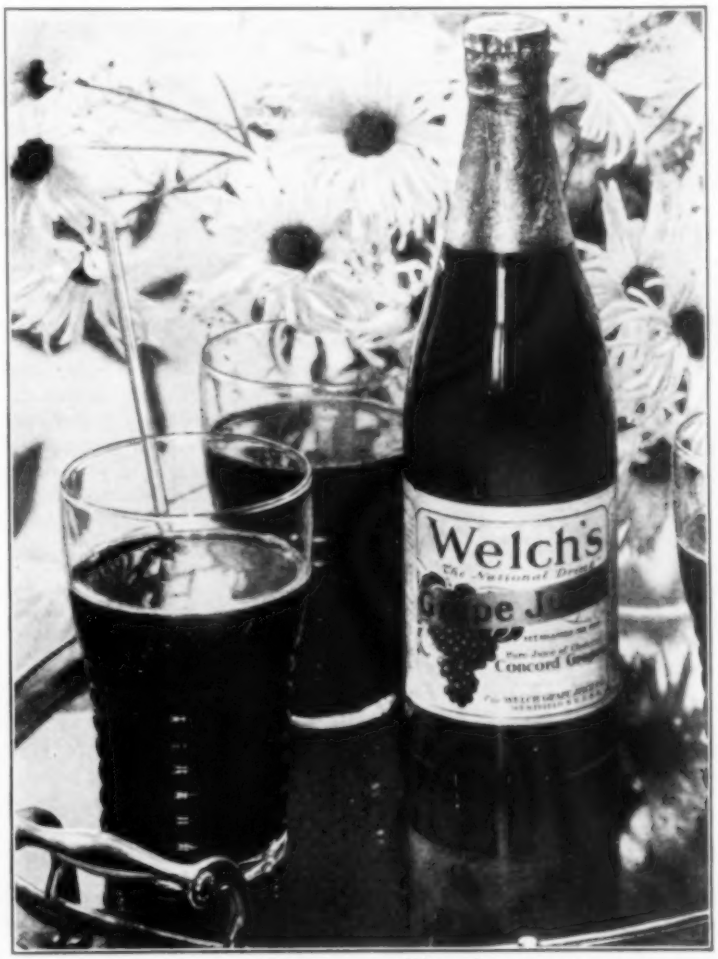
Confront the world with spunk and zest,
Stick out your chin like Mussolini,
Hold up your head, inflate your chest
And be a friend of Mr. Sweeney!

Arthur Guiterman.

WHETHER
You reside on or near
Broadway, New York
" Los Angeles
" East Bemis
you will want
to see the
Broadway Number
Out Next Week

Pure Juice of Fresh Grapes

Frosty cold in the choicest summer drinks



FOR A DELICIOUS LONG DRINK SERVE WELCH'S WITH GINGER ALE

FOR a pure fruit juice drink choose Welch's. It is the pure juice of ripe grapes fresh from the vine. Delightful with all the inviting color and fragrance of the ripe grapes, and all their superb flavor.

And healthful, America's greatest dietitians say, with all the invigorating qualities of fresh fruit.

Blended with ginger ale or with other pure fruit juices, charged with sparkling water, or tinkling with chipped ice, Welch's is the most enthusiastically received of all the season's drinks.

Ask for Welch's at the soda fountain—served straight or with sparkling water. Order it from your grocer, druggist or confectioner.

Free: A recipe book of fruit juice drinks. Write for it to The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. L-25, Westfield, N. Y. Canadian plant,—St. Catharines, Ontario.

4-day cruise on the Great Lakes

D&C LAKE LINES

Round Trip, including Berth and Meals $62.00

Chicago to Detroit — Detroit to Chicago

On the luxurious steamships *Eastern States* and *Western States*. Music, dancing, wireless, and deck games aboard. Hostess in attendance. Unlimited stopover privileges at Mackinac Island and either Detroit or Chicago. Service three times weekly from Detroit June 24th to Sept. 4th; from Chicago June 26th to Sept. 6th. Tickets limited to sleeping accommodations.

What patrons say: *"This trip has been so far beyond our expectations that I want you and your company to know it."* *"Meals and service would be a credit to any hotel in the country."*

Mackinac Island *Round trip* $31.00 — Overnight Service 3 times weekly from Chicago or Detroit, June 24th to Sept. 6th. Week-end round-trips. Fare includes berth and meals.

Buffalo & Cleveland to Detroit — Overnight Service daily to Nov. 1st, between Buffalo and Detroit on the largest steamers of their type in the world. Fare $6.00 one way; $11.50 round trip. Nightly to Dec. 1st, between Cleveland and Detroit $3.60 one way; $6.50 round trip. Also daylight trips between Cleveland and Detroit during July and August. Autos carried. Wireless aboard.

Grand Cruise $80.00 — Buffalo to Chicago or Chicago to Buffalo. Special round trip rate including berth and meals on all steamers in effect every Monday, June 24th to Sept. 6th. 8-day limit. Stopovers at Niagara Falls, Detroit, Mackinac Island, or Chicago.

Illustrated Booklet of D & C TOURS mailed upon receipt of 2c stamp. Address Dept. LF.

FOR RESERVATIONS or further information address E. H. McCracken, Acting General Passenger Agent at Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION COMPANY

A. A. Schantz, *President*
J. T. McMillan, *Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.*

Life and Letters

(*Continued from page 24*)

"Mourning was never satisfactory if one bought it in a small town." "Lolly Willowes" is by no means for ladies only, but every spinster should read it.

IT is too bad that Mr. Albert Stevens Crockett chose "When James Gordon Bennett Was Caliph of Bagdad" (*Funk & Wagnalls*) for the title of his book, because Mr. Bennett's name has never been provocative of much hat raising, and a great number of bookstand patrons, getting no farther than the jacket, may be inclined to say, "What *of* it?" or "Is *that* so?" Mr. Crockett is paying his ex-employer an extremely generous compliment, because his book is nothing more than the experiences, very readably set down, of a star man on the *Herald* in the days when a job on that paper was the ambition of every cub reporter. It is full of interesting facts and personalities, and takes a creditable place beside the recent books which are brushing us all up on the turn of the last century.

"TRAVEL CHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS," by Frederick L. Collins (*Bobbs-Merrill*), will well repay your reading, although you will probably drop tears on every page if your sailing is not safely booked for some time within the next two months. Mr. Collins has been everywhere and seen everything, and he tells all about it in a most engaging, and frequently tabulated, fashion, including what he had to eat, how much it cost, and all the details so fascinating to the voyager who is still worrying because he stayed home to have the chiropodist instead of going to Capri.

Baird Leonard.

Say It With a Colored Hat Band

ORANGE and black stripes: Wearer once won twenty dollars betting on Princeton.

Red and white stripes: A barber displaying his colors.

Green and yellow plaid: Banana importer.

Blue with crimson dots: One son at Harvard, another at Yale.

Red, white and blue stripes: Wearer went aboard the *Leviathan* once.

Black and white stripes: Survivor of a grade-crossing accident.

Black and white checks: Taxi driver having a day off.

Plain black: Last year's hat.

Bill Sykes.

FIRST CO-ED: How come Bob is rushing that girl with the nifty stockings so strenuously?

SECOND CO-ED: Oh, it's her sox appeal.

The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks *four out of five* people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

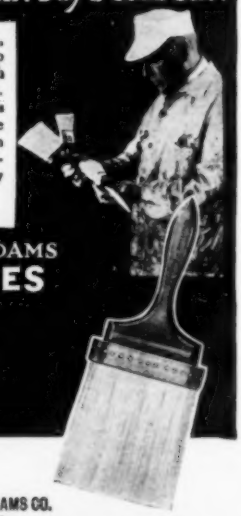
Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO.
200 6th Ave., N. Y.

Forhan's, Ltd
Montreal

Buying a Brush? Buy a Good One!

The handle, ferrule, and labor in a cheap brush cost as much as in a good brush. The big difference is in the bristles. The life of a brush is in the quality of its bristles and the way they are fastened.
Buy a good one!



WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 116 Years and the Largest in the World

The Light That Failed

"I SAY, Jim! I'd like to borrow your car to-night. Mine's laid up."

"Sure thing!"

"Can't spare me a twenty, by any chance, can you?"

"Here you are!"

"And how about your tuxedo, your pumps, a shirt and—maybe your watch?"

"Welcome to them, old top. Want my flask?"

"Glad you mentioned it. But is it—er—?"

"As is—F. O. B."

"Then there's one more thing, Jim. I'd like to borrow."

"Not my girl?"

"Well, I—I was going to take her to the party without saying anything to you, but you've been so generous I—er—"

"Go ahead and take her. Glad to have you. But what was the other thing you wanted to borrow?"

"You know, Jim. What you showed me yesterday."

"Absolutely not! I'll never trust any man with my patent cigar-lighter!"

Bill Sykes.

The LIFE Polar Expedition

(*Continued from page 26*)

the windows we have put them on—which complicates the whole thing horribly, as you may imagine. Ensign Thermaline suggested that some one, perhaps one of the editors of *Judge* who has access to my house as a friend, changed the dining-room window screens for those belonging to another house, hoping to hold up our expedition, but both Lieut.-Commander Connelly and I hooted this suspicion down. The answer to the whole thing is, as we figure it out, simply that Lady Luck has been against us from the start and that it simply wasn't *meant* that we bicycle to the Pole this spring. It is very pleasant here in Scarsdale, and the dogwood has been in the most glorious bloom, and, as we sit on the back porch looking out into the woods and sipping some native drink that Rosa has concocted out of materials brought by some friends of hers from Jamaica, we are almost reconciled to putting in here for the summer. As Lieut.-Commander Connelly says: "We are simply storing up health and energy against a fresh push Pole-wards in the fall."

Robert Benchley.

Vaguely Familiar

HE-MAN: There's an attractive woman—I'll swear I've seen her face somewhere before.

THE CAT: You probably saw it in the place where she used to wear it before it was lifted.

FADA Radio

DON'T BE SORRY —BE SAFE!

THE safe way to buy radio is to compare one set with another until you find the one you like best.

Then you won't be disappointed. That's sense.

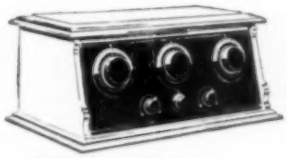
We suggest that you compare the New 1926 Fada Neutrolette at $85 with other good sets costing two and three times as much.

Fada Dealers everywhere are always glad to demonstrate most thoroughly.

And why not send for our complimentary book?

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.
1581 Jerome Avenue New York

Manufacturers of TUNED RADIO FREQUENCY receivers using the highly efficient NEUTRODYNE principle.



THE 1926 NEUTROLETTE

$85.00

A five-tube, Tuned Radio Frequency Receiver plus the Neutrodyne improvements—handsome mahogany case.

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.
1581 Jerome Ave., New York, N. Y., Dept. W
Please send "FADA RADIO—The Standard of Reception"—to

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

NEUTRODYNE

The Shave Luxurious

A quick application, with the fingers, of cool, fragrant MOLLÉ over the dampened beard—a rapid "once over" with the favorite razor—the touch of a dry towel and the shave is finished.

A clean, smooth, refreshing shave that leaves such a delightful after feel of face comfort that lotions, balms or talcums are never needed.

What More Can be Desired?

You men with tender skins—you men with wiry beards—you men who appreciate ease, speed and the comfort of shaving each day (twice a day if need be) without the slightest irritation or soreness of the face

MOLLÉ is for You

Begin to-day. Your only regret will be that you did not discover, years ago, this cleaner, quicker, better way to shave.

MOLLÉ is for Sale at all Good Drug Stores
Extra Large Tubes 50 cents

PRYDE-WYNN CO. · NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

P. S.—A six shave trial tube by mail for your name and address

Divide your face in half

Let your own face decide this test

{Money back if not satisfied with Mennen Shaving Cream}

Millions of men know that Mennen's takes the fight out of the wiriest set of whiskers. The razor swishes through in record time. No pull or scrape. It's a quick, clean shave that *stays shaved* all day long. And I don't mean *maybe*.

But I want *you* to let your *own* face decide. So here is the proposition:

Tomorrow morning, lather one side of your face with the cream, stick or soap you're using now. Rinse off the brush. Lather up on the other side with Mennen Shaving Cream. Then *shave*.

If you can't feel the difference instantly—if you don't find that on the Mennen side you've got the cleanest, quickest, most comfortable shave you've ever had in your life—why send back the used Mennen tube and I'll refund your money, with postage.

By the way, Mennen Skin Balm is the finest after-shaving treat ever invented. You ought to give it a try. A little squeeze gives you a wonderful, tingly, cool freshness. Tones up skin—removes face shine. Astringent—reduces pores. Greaseless, absorbed in half a minute. Comes in big *tubes*. Nothing to break or spill. 50c. And, of course, don't forget that we make Mennen Talcum for Men.

Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

*Here's another chance to win a magnificent $50 traveling bag**

Send in an answer (100 words or less) to the question below. The most interesting answer wins the bag. Contest closes July 17. I am the judge. Watch for next contest in an early issue. *You don't have to go out and buy any Mennen product in order to enter contest.

HERE'S THE BAG

THE QUESTION:

What do you find the best after-shaving *preparation and* why?

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, Jim Henry Contest, 385 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

An Interview with Henry P. Christen

HE was sitting by his private railroad track at Altoona — Mr. Christen, that hitherto anonymous person who names Pullman cars.

"Who is your favorite author?" I asked him. The answer came like shrapnel: "Byron or Bunyan or Burns or Bolingbroke or Burbank or..." I saw I had started the conversation on a tedious siding, so I made a direct attack on him. "What's the sense in naming Pullman cars?"

He was indignant, but at no loss for a reply. "People depend on the names," he said. "A man who goes to Duluth on the Minerva will never be satisfied to travel on the Minnehaha or the Monongahela. And on the train it identifies one socially to be on the élitely titled cars. 'Where are the Stanley-Joneses?' you hear some one say. 'Oh, back three cars in that tawdry Wissahickon,' is the answer."

As he babbled on I managed to insert the question, "What are the élite Pullman cars?" "Well," he replied, "in alphabetical order, the Abegail, the Adenoid, the Aggawam, the Ambergris, the Anatole, the Annabel, the Appleton, the..." Four small children, thank goodness, interrupted what threatened to be an all-day recitative.

"Yours?" I asked. He nodded. "And their names?" I queried, knowing that he was restricted to four. He hung his head and finally murmured an answer which was at the same time a confession: "Jim, John, Helen and Mary."

Joseph Alger, Jr.

In Washington

CONGRESSMAN X.: Ninety per cent. of the people are against this law. Let's modify it.

CONGRESSMAN Y.: Are you crazy? Let's make it more drastic.

TOO much of a good thing: being walking delegate for a Pedestrians' Union.

NEXT WEEK

THE BROADWAY NUMBER

a glowing tribute to the street of broken hearts— with a highly moral cover by GARRETT PRICE

SW

Military BINOCULAR ACTION Brought to Your Feet! Free Trial 8 Power

CONQUER Distance! Follow flight of fowl high in sky! Observe movements of deer, bear birds, ships, people off in the distance. Autos roaring 'round the track! Horses tearing down the turf! Make your eyes 8 times stronger! Bring objects *right to your feet!* Keep a pair in your car! Motoring will become a joy! New Worlds will open for YOU! When off for a hike sling a pair over your shoulder (*they add that smart military air*) and enjoy glorious vistas as never before. These Binoculars will prove a never-ending lifetime joy! *Indispensable for camping, hunting, hiking, yachting, races, motoring, shut-ins, observation, bird and nature studies, etc.*

HUNDREDS SUPPLIED TO ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

LIMITED Importation received! French and German Army Officers' 8-POWER Prism Binoculars; famous PREMIERE QUALITE; brand new, *perfect*. Brilliant illumination, exquisite definition; remarkable light-gathering power. Wide field of vision—many times area of field glasses. Central focusing with individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Superbly constructed, handsomely finished rich grain leather. Heat and moisture proof. Usually sell for $40.00 to $50.00. Our Price (while limited importation lasts) complete with leather case, neck and shoulder straps.. $23.50

Our Plan is Different! *Send NO Money now! Pay NOTHING on delivery. See, Try, Test, ENJOY Binoculars for 10 Days' Trial Absolutely FREE!*

If pleased, you may pay on Budget Plan: $5.00 MONTHLY

or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct $1.75 and send Check or Money Order for $21.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return them. Order NOW! Send NO Money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery. $21.75

"2 Generations of Honorable Dealings"

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.

Importers, Exporters, National Mail-Order House

365 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Largest Distributors of Binoculars in America

Tear out and mail this Adv. NOW! Please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect your information. THANK YOU! Life 6-10-26

The Good Old Weeks

PLEASE note that the second week in August will be celebrated by the good people of Woodpitt, N. Y., as "Glad to Have You with Us Week." For the benefit of those who may have made other engagements, we suggest that this be amalgamated with "So Sorry You Couldn't Come Week."

Where did we come from? What are we here for? Where are we going?

Read the Absorbing Revelations in

"WHAT A MAN TOLD HIS SON"

by Robert Torrington Furman

A PRIVATE MANUSCRIPT PUBLISHED BY REQUEST. 3rd Edition

YOU WILL READ IT AGAIN AND AGAIN

SENT ON APPROVAL. WRITE TO-DAY

LES PENSEURS, 27 EAST 22nd ST. N.Y. CITY

MUDDY, OILY SKIN quickly improved and usually cleared entirely if properly treated with

Resinol

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Questions and Answers on the Travel Contest

ANY one who desires to compete in the Travel Contest, and is not quite sure of the conditions, should write to the Travel Contest Editor, LIFE, *598 Madison Avenue, New York City. We shall be glad to answer any questions concerning the conditions of this Contest.*

Q. Is the date of publication of Joan's letters the date they are supposed to be written on?—M. B., New York.

A. **No. There is no catch to the date of Joan's letters. As a matter of fact, Joan Kinley is a real person, and has actually made the trip as described in her letters.**

Q. Do the italicized words in Joan's letters signify that these are mistakes to be corrected?—M. H. C., Wollaston, Mass.

A. **No. The italicized words signify only that Joan is an emphatic young lady who likes to underline words. Contestants may disregard the italics, and the occasional grammatical errors as well.**

Q. What do you mean when you say, "There is no limit to the number of answers that any one contestant may submit"—H. H. B., Denver, Colo.

A. **We mean that each contestant may submit several sets of corrections of Joan's eight letters, with a different essay on "What I Shall See in Europe" enclosed with each set.**

IN answer to many correspondents, we repeat the explanation that the essay, "What I Shall See in Europe," may cover all of Europe or any part of it. The winner's own preferences will be consulted in arranging the itinerary for the six-weeks' tour.

The WM. PENN—the latest PENNSYLVANIA Quality model. Everyman's mower for household use. Five blades, ball bearing. 16-inch cut—price $16.50 at Phila.

THERE is a PENNSYLVANIA Quality Lawn Mower for every lawn, large or small, and every model is high grade.

PENNSYLVANIA Quality Mowers not only give the utmost satisfaction in their clean-cut work and ease of operation, but cost less in the end because of their self-sharpening blades and long life.

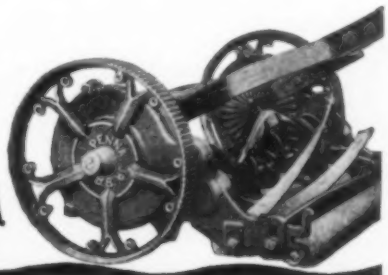
The STAYTITE Handle identifies all "P.Q." Mowers.

At Hardware and Seed Stores

Send for booklet "How to Have a Fine Lawn"

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER WORKS
1625 North 23rd Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA *Quality* LAWN MOWERS



for Those

who wish to obtain back numbers of LIFE, containing Joan's first five letters, the coupon below will prove useful.

Joan's first letter appeared in the May 6th issue; her second letter in the May 13th issue; her third letter in the May 20th issue; her fourth letter in the May 27th issue, and her fifth letter in the June 3rd issue.

Enclose 15 cents with the coupon for each issue that you desire, or

One dollar will bring you ten issues and enable you to follow the Contest from start to finish. If you wish your ten-weeks' subscription to start with the May 6th issue, or any of the succeeding issues, you may designate this on the coupon.

LIFE

598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find ..... cents for the following issues:

☐ May 6th ☐ May 13th ☐ May 20th ☐ May 27th ☐ June 3rd

or

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, $1.20; Foreign, $1.40) for ten weeks' subscription to LIFE, to begin with the ..... issue.

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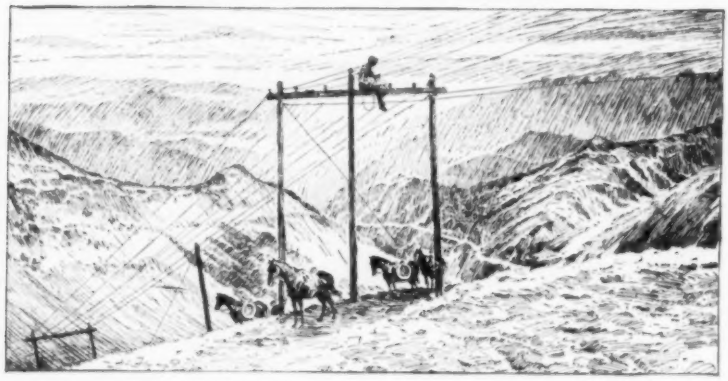
Telephone line over the Rocky Mountains



The Builders of the Telephone

SPANNING the country, under rivers, across prairies and over mountain ranges, the telephone builders have carried the electric wires of their communication network. Half a century ago the nation's telephone plant was a few hundred feet of wire and two crude instruments. The only builder was Thomas A. Watson, Dr. Bell's assistant.

It was a small beginning, but the work then started will never cease. In 50 years many million miles of wire have been strung, many million telephones have been installed, and all over the country are buildings with switchboards and the complicated apparatus for connecting each telephone with any other. The telephone's builders have been many and their lives have been rich in romantic adventure and unselfish devotion to the service.

Telephone builders are still extending and rebuilding the telephone plant. A million dollars a day are being expended in the Bell System in construction work to provide for the nation's growing needs.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

FOR SMOKERS

SQUIBB'S Dental Cream

Squibb's Dental Cream is so soothing to mouth and gums after a day of smoking that you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. It sweetens breath too.

All that is in addition to its ability to prevent acid decay as nothing else can possibly do.

The Social Leper

HE was shunned by all. He was a pariah. There was nothing left for him but suicide. He would go down in history as a misfit, as one who had brought disgrace to his people, dishonor to his race. His name would be stricken from the family Bible. He would be classed with Judas Iscariot, Benedict Arnold, Cain, Casey, who had fanned with the bases full, and other famous failures. He had congratulated a bride.

J. H. T.

Help! Help!

TRY your college French on this personal ad. in *La Vie Parisienne:* "JNE off., gr., brun, eleg., tr. b. fam., des. corr. av. jne marr. des., b. educ., g., intel., j., sent. Ecr. 1re lett.: de Varenne, chez Iris, 22, rue St-Augustin, Paris."

Permanent

I AM not going away this summer. It is never very hot here and it is almost the only resort I know of where one can eat without the accompanying din of jazz, which I abominate. I can save considerable money by staying here, but I will not need to use that reason in explaining why I do not elect the mountains or the seashore. I will not be bothered with either packing, tipping, tire trouble or the many annoyances of travel. The people here are quite as agreeable as any that I would be thrown with elsewhere. I am comfortable, on excellent terms with the management, and the warden gives me many privileges.

I am not going away this summer.

E. Carroll Schaeffer.

Next Week
The
Broadway Number
Don't miss it!

STOPS

TRAIN SICKNESS

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort. 33

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

The way they voted

A remarkable study

of the experience of motorists with various tires—

84%

of 982 tire users say

Michelins are best

Other Tires Used	Number of Motorists Replying	Number Saying Michelins Give Better Service	Number Saying Michelins Give Worse Service	Number Saying Michelins Give Same Service
Tire A	127	115	6	6
" B	109	92	10	7
" C	102	92	8	2
" D	78	67	9	2
" E	61	55	4	2
" F	51	41	4	6
" G	38	30	5	3
" H	26	22	4	..
Miscellaneous	390	309	32	49
Totals	982★	823	82	77
Per cent	100%	84%	8%	8%

★In addition to these answers, sixty-three replies were received praising Michelins but making no direct answer to the question whether or not Michelins had given better service. Forty motorists said they had not yet used Michelins long enough to vote. Forty motorists did not vote because they did not use Michelin Tires. Thirty-seven votes were not counted because these motorists used only Michelin Tires. Twenty-one replies were entirely inconclusive. Wherever a reply was open to several interpretations it was classified according to the interpretation least favorable to Michelin.

We have just received a sworn statement of the results of one of the most important investigations ever made among tire users. Representatives of our research department noted the license numbers of 2200 cars, each equipped partly with Michelins and partly with other tires. We obtained the names of the owners of these cars from the State authorities. And then we gave the names to an outside organization to investigate.

This organization wrote to each motorist and asked him just one question, namely: *"Do you find Michelin Tires give better or worse service than the other tires you are using?"*

The replies are shown at the left. They explain the great swing that is on toward Michelins. They account for the fact that Michelin has been growing so much faster than the tire industry as a whole, and that over 25,000 tire builders are now kept busy making Michelin Tires. If you are not as yet using Michelins you owe it to yourself to give them a trial.

MICHELIN TIRE CO.
Milltown, N. J.

MICHELIN

Balloons, over-size cords and ring-shaped tubes

When there's singing and dancing on the lawn—and the gay crowds swing to music under the lanterns and the canopy of trees
—have a Camel!

WHEN it's evening with merry dancing on the lawn. When the world is young with youth and gay with age —*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette made was ever so joyous on carefree evenings. Camel is fair companion to busy days and glamourous, restful nights. You just can't smoke enough Camels to tire the taste. Camels never leave a cigaretty after-taste. The choicest tobaccos that nature grows, blended to bring you their purest enjoyment, are rolled into Camels. Camels are the found-true friend of millions of experienced smokers.

So as you make merry with friends on this most enjoyable of nights. As you join the gay party when the work is done—taste then the kindliest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest, made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes go all of the experience, all of the skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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